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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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A Sermon for Graduates

THE annual insurgence of youth into the lists of the world is again at the height. With the commencement exercises that are being held from one end of the land to the other the idealists of a new generation are going forth to meet their disillusionments and to fertilize with their eagerness the halting ardors of their predecessors. A new host of youth is on the threshold of experience, plastic to the zeal of enthusiasts, pliable to the sluggishness of the indifferent. Confident youth that thinks it can remold the world nearer to its heart's desire, over-confident youth that in the superbness of its strength takes no count of its callowness—every elder knows that its very powers are its limitations. Here are the thinkers and leaders of tomorrow, all too often, alas! believing that they have out-moded the thinkers and teachers of today. Here is a brave band, equipped with the best that the college has to give them, ready to storm the entrenchments which the conservatism of the college has preserved through the generations. Fortunate, indeed, it is for the world that they have perennial contempt for those who have failed before them, but unforunate for themselves if in the arrogance of their inexperience they believe that the way to achievement lies straight before them.

No field of endeavor, perhaps, suffers more and has more to gain from the graduates of to-day than that of literature. For there is no domain to which the gates seem to stand more invitingly open than that of writing. Law, medicine, engineering, the professions in general, demand exacting apprenticeship and precise training, business has established traditions of humble beginnings, but literature apparently to its youthful zealots is a goddess that to be wooed successfully needs but a typewriter and the will to conquest. Every editorial office knows the applicant, amusing were he not also pathetic, fresh from the college theme, whose eagerness to win recognition constitutes just claim in his own eyes to the dignity of print. Every literary editor knows the aspirant who requests reviewing with the admission that his field of criticism is "everything." Facility in writing is so common in America, the ability to assemble facts and to spice them with salty phrase so general, and the inclination of the public toward the palatable rather than the substantial so widespread, that the college graduate armed with eagerness and odds and ends of knowledge finds rushing into print unduly easy. If he is clever, if he has a smattering of information, and the reportorial sense well developed, he can turn out readable and entertaining comment. But he is certainly not producing criticism or exposition that has the authority, the savor, or the import of writing that is born of thought and knowledge.

We are not suggesting that the college graduate who sets forth upon a literary career must come from the university a specialist. On the contrary we are inclined to believe that exhaustive research and concentration upon one field of study have little place in the undergraduate curriculum, and that the most useful function the undergraduate college can perform is to teach its students the methods of research and give them the opportunity for general development. What impressive results such a course can produce has just now been made vividly evident by the publication of a stout volume entitled "Vassar Journal of Undergraduate Studies," which includes a group of papers prepared for the most part in connection with regular courses and revealing a degree of ability, thoughtfulness, and understanding of high order.

Here is the college functioning at its best, producing not specialists but students trained to observe, to correllate, and to think, ripe to appreciate, and respectful of knowledge. These are the qualities that in literature as in living are all essential, these are the qualities that the great mass of young graduates who storm the editorial offices lack; these are the qualities they should most sedulously cultivate and which until they have acquired they should not deem themselves ready to write for publication. Good writing requires first and foremost good thinking, and good thinking requires much pondering to season it. If our colleges can put their students into the way of thinking, and our writers can bide their time to print the while they are thinking, then perhaps we shall have good literature.

Floodgate

By DAVID MCCORD

LOW, when the western flock is folded,
And the shepherd leans upon his staff,
Grave calm collects where lately scolded
The birds, where shook an eldritch laugh.

Then from the air the dust is driven,
And all particular expelled;
With great intent the skies are riven,
The cricket stopped, the sheep unbelled:

And straight, above the wan horizon,
Slants the white moon in cold distrust,
Casting remote, deflective eyes on
Hills that fill with a silver rust.

No lamp subtends that brave illusion;
In the dark tracery of the night
The hours shiver in soft conclusion,
And the owl begins his flight.

This Week

"Historian and Historical Evidence." Reviewed by *E. W. Pahlow.*
"The Decline of the West." Reviewed by *James H. Robinson.*
"The Portrait of a Generation." Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*
"Letters of Descartes and Huygens." Reviewed by *D. E. Smith.*
"Christian Science." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*
"The Plough and the Stars." Reviewed by *Padraic Colum.*
"The Sacred Tree." Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd.*
The Winning of Potentilla. By *Charles A. Bennett.*

Next Week, or Later

The Poet of the Rosary. By *Cameron Rogers.*

Visions of Empire

By H. M. TOMLINSON

A BOOK was published recently in London which, I regret to report, has attracted no more attention than would the delivery of a parcel of wrapping paper in Fleet Street. That misfortune is enough to cause some of us to wonder, the book being what it is, whether the work of the literary critics might not be as well performed by unemployed pastrycooks—cooks busily occupied with their normal confections are, of course, conferring a far greater benefit on the community. The general reader may protest that so dreary a cynicism is outrageous, as well as preposterous.

Well, let us see. Here is this book by G. Lowes Dickinson, "The International Anarchy, 1904-1914."* Lowes Dickinson is a scholar. He is also a Cambridge don. (I am not attempting any compliments, but merely retailing evidence which to some people is of importance). He is also a good writer; to what degree I will not attempt to estimate, but I do know that his candor, which gives a simple and innocent urgency to his writings, and the lucidity with which the significance of his arguments comes through his prose, fascinates and disturbs me as though his were but an impersonal voice warning unexpectedly from the circumambient void because the queer behavior of humanity had alarmed an unseen watcher.

What I mean by that is this. A book by Lowes Dickinson is a literary event, and demands the attention which is freely given, even in serious English publications, to Lady Oxford (Margot Asquith), Michael Arlen, the memoirs of unimportant busybodies, and those novels written by young ladies to relieve their tedium when they are not at tennis or dancing. I will not refer by name to one English literary and political review, though I think it is the best of its kind which London does, and should be inclined to trust, as a rule, its estimate of a book I did not know; and yet that journal declared of Lowes Dickinson's volume, in impatient small type and with brief asperity, that it was unnecessary because we have had so many like it.

That, I declare, is a scandalous betrayal of a reader's trust in the normal character of a journal. As it happened, I had read the book, and so knew better. We have had none like it. But many readers, especially in America, to whom Lowes Dickinson's name might be less familiar than it is on the English side of the water, glancing at that brief and angry notice, and seeing the summary dismissal of the author as though he were one of the usual nuisances with a pamphlet, might conclude, and quite properly, that here was something to which no time need be given. Perhaps that was the intention of the review. If so, then it was a deliberate denial of the light, which is one of the gravest of crimes. There are not so many helpful contributions to the light of the world, published during the year, to excuse a reviewer for the wilful attempt to put out one of them.

Is there any reason, then, a stranger would ask, for this curious exhibition of impatience over Lowes Dickinson's book, when it happens to be noticed at all? Well, maybe there is. It is perhaps understandable, that odd show of anger out of a common silence which affects to pretend the book does not exist.

There is no need to point out that Europe is

* International Anarchy. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: The Century Company. 1926. $3.50.

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in a devil of a mess as a consequence of its heroic past. Colonel House, explanatory of the origins of our wreckage, has thrown some reflections on the potent figures which once moved so mysteriously behind the tragic drama of Europe, and who gave that continent its political cues, with their fatal inherencies, just before and throughout the great war. Now, it must be said, there were many important editorial figures and other ardent publicists who, around that time, convinced of the moral superiority of this "great man" or another, some "strong, silent" figure like that of Sir Edward Grey, let us say; convinced too, of the righteousness of this policy or of that, wrote in ardent valiancy undeviated by doubt which should have been prompted by common sense. How if now the cold evidence, at last becoming plain, should make them look rather silly? Colonel House certainly embarrassed them. He told them that it is clear, in the bleak light of the morning after the storm, that the life or death of multitudes was decided by the way those facts were regarded at the time by the privileged notabilities who had to make the secret decisions. Indeed, we see now that many of the best informed and most valiant supporters of the Allies, in the press, did not always know what they were talking about. And here comes Lowes Dickinson to show that they ought to have known more than they did even before the war; that there was always plenty of evidence which pointed to the inevitableness of the inevitable; enough, anyhow, for a critic able to understand the implications of things.

It is natural for these critics to declare today in haughty impatience that we have heard enough about it. What they mean is that it embarrasses them. They would pretend that everything is known; that there is nothing further to discuss; that all is over.

* * *

All is not over. The unlucky consequences of our acts are with us, and we are resolving them with just the blithe and hearty inconsequence of thought that created them. The great war was a crisis in the affairs of humanity which ought to be enough to warn us that in some alarming particulars our minds are not working as well as they might, and that we may take the left-hand turning to Hell in the happy confidence of a divine revelation. That confidence brought the war about, though it was the greatest disaster to mankind since the Black Death of the fourteenth century. That plague was largely the result of unquestioned yet dirty habits, and it did more than destroy nearly half the population of Europe and Asia; it began the break-up of the feudal system, and made serfs and helots and other vulgar people aware, for the first time, that in some important ways they were as good as their masters—a fairly odd outcome of dirt and fleas. And the war, though not so designed by diplomatists, presidents, kaisers, and kings, was but the first act in the European revolution. When the Czar signed the order for mobilization in that fatal July, though he did not know it, he was signing also the release of Lenin. It is not always easy to divine the inherencies of the things we do.

So we may grow impatient, and protest we have heard enough about it, but we shall have to hear more in some form or other, whether we want to or not. The people of America are immediately concerned. There is no escape for them, either. The habits of thought or the want of it which led the innocent and unwary into the European disaster are doubtless as common in America as elsewhere, to have as elsewhere the same inevitable consequences. Lowes Dickinson, in his first paragraph, warns us that "in the pages that follow the reader is invited to forget that he is an Englishman and to remember that he is a man; for it is the future of mankind that is at stake." He goes on to tell us that we find war to be a normal part of the process of history, and "historians are so hypnotized by that fact that they commonly consider, not the fundamental conditions which make war inevitable, but the superficial occasions out of which this or that war happened to arise." And he proceeds to show, in a history of the intrigues of the dynasties, the financial and commercial interests, and the foreign offices of Europe for a period of ten years, that Europe got [illegible] what it was asking for.

But it did not know [illegible] was asking for? No, it had not the faint[illegible] Europe talked earnestly of a figment [illegible]e "balance of power." States pursuing contrary aims would not go to war, we were asked to believe, if they were confronted by forces equal to their own. That was the beautiful theory. Out of that arose alliances, ententes, agreements, treaties, understandings, and so on, in an infernal game of cross purposes, while those pictorial guarantees of peace, the armies and navies, grew to colossal propositions. We see in Lowes Dickinson's history how a nation would change sides, how it would turn, in a series of secret documents, its friends into enemies, and then come back maybe to the other side again, according to the direction of the wind. Nobody ever knew this except Their Importances and a few officials, who understood exactly what items of news would give the beneficial suggestions to the press; and the press, with those suggestions, would play upon the instinctive fears of the mobs, thus producing the generative temperature in which the suggestions could ferment into national aggressiveness. They had all made up their minds that a war was evitable, as indeed it was, their minds being what they were. "The war will come. We don't want it; but we must be ready. And when it comes . . ."

* * *

Neither the title nor the matter of Lowes Dickinson's book suggest reading as lush as a good sensational novel. What would one expect from "an exposition of the real causes of the Great War based on the documentary evidence now available, and showing how the war, like previous ones, arose inevitably from the juxtaposition of armed States bent upon extending by force their territory and markets, and conducting their relations by the methods of secret diplomacy?" It does not sound very attractive. Clearly the London literary editors, for the most part, decided that nothing really decorative could be done with such a theme. But no romantic novel was ever published to equal this book in the spell it works gradually upon a reader. You feel, when you begin upon it, that you will never stay the course. There is too much of it. Consider, too, the chapter headings: The Triple Alliance, the Triple Entente, Morocco and the Conference of Algeciras, The Annexation of Bosnia, The Bagdad Railway, the Far East, and many more, all leading up to those fatal Last Three Weeks. Who wants now to read about Bosnia and Algeciras? They seem as remote as the overthrow of Rome, the European revolution of 1798, or the Boston tea party.

Nevertheless, you have not gone far into this book, reading at first dutifully but in unconcern the references to half-forgotten crises, before you begin to feel as though you were one of the figures in an ominous puppet show. And a great play, an immense drama, is indeed the concern of the work. We all are in it. We mix with the actors. We move therein, yet not knowing what the plot is, nor to what the drift of things tends; and yet surmising, in growing fear, under that shadow of nameless evil which increases almost imperceptibly with the progress of the story, that everything done by every actor in the play but adds to the potency of an infernal magic which presently will engulf us, actors, theatre, and all, in common ruin.

* * *

Very seldom have I been so moved by a book, and never before by a history book. The facts related by this history would be enough themselves, if read imaginatively. But which of us reads that way? The volume gets its power from Lowes Dickinson's apparently artless directing of the evidence. These great actors in this drama, whose activities we watch, never knew what they were doing, but with the light the author throws on the play we surmise in increasing horror the oblique and hidden tendency of every word and act of theirs. To read this book—and it is the duty of every thoughtful man to read it who is concerned for the welfare of his fellows—is like watching in a dream of immense yet barely discerned significance the goings and comings of shadowy forms which never once look at you, but which yet you know are busy upon your undoing. You want to stop it. [illegible] to shout and break the spell. But you [illegible]e up.

Some [illegible]ngland have gathered now and then that [illegible]ericans are sadly impressed by the cleve[illegible] foresight, and the subtlety of European [illegible]sts and statesmen. I will not argue about that. It is an amusing delusion. There is, for instance, that legend, universally accepted, of Viscount Grey's (Sir Edward Grey's) strong, honest but subtle, and silent character. A great man! The plain truth is that if he had not been so silent we should have had another opinion about his wisdom and his strength. His mind was always slow and indolent; and if the test of intelligence be ability to apprehend what things imply then Sir Edward must be classed with the sincere but muddled dupes who, like deathless parrots, think that guns and good intentions will ensure peace. The evident truth is that Grey never surmised what he was at; though he always did what he felt duty impelled him to do with good intent, of course. He then put it from his mind and went for a little fishing. Yet though out of his mind the incubated potentiality was not out of existence. It grew. It worked. Then, later, how surprised and grieved was Sir Edward. These Great Men!

You will find, when reading this book, two lessons of profound significance for unimportant folk like ourselves, who merely gaze silently at the closed doors of august diplomatic conferences and accept whatever some great personage or another considers is enough for us to know. The word "honor" is frequently and solemnly used by these great people. One now sees that it is impossible to know what it means. Honor may mean nothing. Honor may mean something, on the other hand, which in the private affairs of you and me would be unforgiveable blackguardism. Quite often in the cross-purposes of national treaties and agreements honor has obviously the same meaning as treachery. These celebrated diplomatists and statesmen, under the transmuting spell of office, impelled to the pursuit of myths which fade at the first touch of commonsense, must use words in a way, of course, which to us is confusing. "Honor" may rest in the committing of an abominable crime; "treachery" may be understood as an obligation; an "agreement" may be a betrayal; a "guarantee" may be a fraud; the murder of a native population, when allowed to a friendly power through a "concordance," may be the "pacification" of the unfortunate; "rights" may be almost anything on desire—for rights may mean robbery, lies, massacre, perfidy, annexation. There is no rascality, apparently, which a "right" will not absolve.

* * *

There is something more than that Lowes Dickinson makes clear. All the treaties, agreements, alliances, understandings, and ententes arose out of the "aims" of great men who were supposed to represent national aspirations. The State documents, once secretly precious, but at last disclosed in Berlin and St. Petersburg (Leningrad), and in part in London and Paris, quite explicitly explain what were those aims. Those documents had their origin in the efforts to realize certain objects. Now, there was not an "aim" of all the monarchs and diplomatists of Europe, so solemnly fostered for so many years by national policies, national wealth, and national propaganda, which came to anything but dust. Not one noble aim of them all, gravely held, assiduously pursued, developed into anything but skulls. In truth, all those Great Men were wrong all the time, and to a degree which could not have been worse had they been criminal lunatics. Our deference and our fervent applause, as those august figures moved to and fro enigmatically on their solemn occasions, were wasted on them as absurdly as though we had paid homage to Mumbo Jumbo. What do we intend to do about it?

A new and greatly enlarged edition of Halkett & Laing's "Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous English Literature," a work of great value to all literary workers, librarians, and to booksellers, is in the press of Oliver & Boyd of Edinburgh. It has been edited by Dr. James Kennedy, Librarian, New College, Edinburgh, who was associated with Dr. Laing in the compilation of the first edition. Dr. Kennedy has been engaged on the work for the last thirty-five years, and it was nearing completion when he died last year. Mr. W. A. Smith and Mr. A. F. Johnson of the Printed Books Department, British Museum, have agreed to edit and complete the work. The new edition will contain three to four times the number of entries of the first edition, and will consist of seven or eight volumes. The first two volumes will be published in the autumn of this year.

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Technique of the Historian

THE HISTORIAN AND HISTORICAL EVIDENCE. By ALLEN JOHNSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by EDWIN W. PAHLOW
Ohio State University

A FEW years ago Mr. H. G. Wells wrote a book which many people read under the impression that he had written a history. This madness impelled Professor Allen Johnson to write a book showing how real history is written. His book is an admirable one, coherent, clear, and brief, and filled with interesting substance; so Mr. Wells has that much to his credit.

The state of affairs against which Professor Johnson directs his fire finds its roots deep in human nature, and it raises a problem which is fundamental in a democratic society. Most people have carved over their mental hearthstone the legend "If you see it in *The Sun* it's so"; only a few carry there the picture of The Man from Missouri. The problem, of course, is how to increase the number of these rare souls, the questioners, the testers, the critically-minded folk. To the solution of this problem the whole book may be regarded as an answer; its message would seem to be, give training in the handling of historical evidence.

If this inference is a fair one, the book ought to find a welcome in some distinguished quarters. In his last annual report, President Butler deplores the failure of two generations of science teaching to leave any marked trace on the popular mind of the influence of the scientific method of reaching results and in formulating policies in social and political fields. Passion, prejudice, and partisanship seem to hold as much sway as they did before science was so large a part of university (and he might have added, high school) training. It would seem that, while undoubtedly the scientific method functions in the field of science, it does not seem to "transfer" to the field of social and political affairs. With Professor Johnson's book before him, the student of history might therefore feel impelled to suggest that he too has a scientific method and that he has an advantage over his science colleagues in that the material he deals with is of the same sort as that encountered in dealing with contemporary social and political problems, so that the application of the training in his method calls for a lesser degree of transfer. If the scientists counter by asking to what degree the historians surpassed them in open-mindedness, fair-mindedness, critical-mindedness, and in freedom from passion, prejudice, and partisanship from, say, the summer of 1914 to 1918 or 1920,—the reply would be awaited with interest by many.

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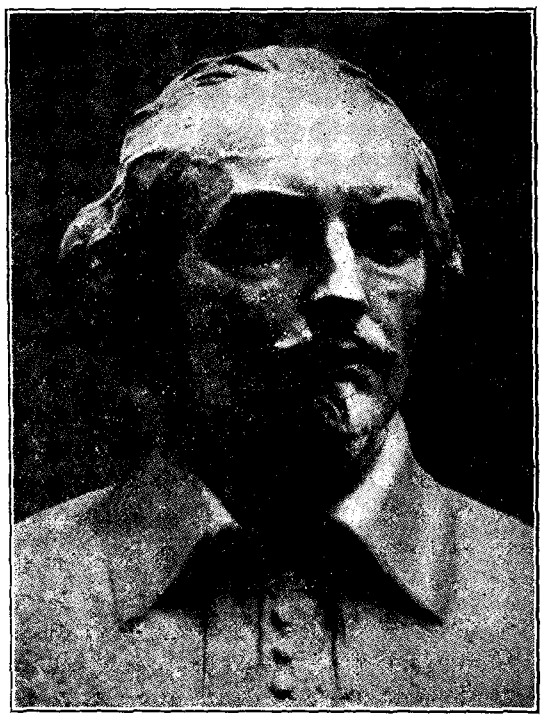
"In historical studies," says Professor Johnson, "doubt is the beginning of wisdom." The documents on which a page of history is based may not be authentic; even if they are authentic, they may be biassed, the interpretation given to them may be wrong, and so on. Obviously training in the handling of historical materials ought to accustom one to ask questions. If the two generations President Butler refers to had been trained as thoroughly in the technique of the historian as they were in the technique of the scientist we might have expected them to ask questions of Mr. Wells. They would have known that, while we speak of history as the story of man's past, we never get that story in its totality because of its vastness and complexity, but only a part, generally a very small part, of it, and then not as it was but as H. G. Wells or somebody else conceived it to be in the light of the materials used.

One of the most thought-provoking sentences in the book is the one in the preface where Professor Johnson voices his faith in "an intelligent reading public which would know how to discriminate between histories and histories." Let us rejoice in his faith, and hope that the royalties will justify it. Whether they do or not, the fact that Professor Johnson should try to reach others than those who make history writing or history teaching their profession would seem to indicate that he sees a need in this country of such a reading public. It might be possible to go even farther and say that it is doubtful whether we need anything else quite so much, for the ability "to discriminate between histories and histories" means the ability to weigh the evidence which sheds light upon the activities of human beings living together in societies. If this is true, it might well be worth while to give training in the historian's technique for a generation or two, on a large scale (live teachers with adequate materials at hand have always done some of this). Then, by the time students completed their high school course, they would be aware of a few things which now are often hidden from college graduates; for example, that a textbook, at least in history, is not something to be accepted as from on high but something to question. Going to college, such students would soon discover that sometimes their lecturers were no more than animate text books, and they would begin to question them. If this questioning spirit were welcomed and fostered, by the time they left college, if not before, it would become second nature with them to ask of their daily and weekly journals, Who wrote this? Did he have first hand information? Did he want to tell the truth? and like questions which the historian puts to his sources. Thus we should begin to get the mental attitude the lack of which President Butler so much deplores.

Such a program would be welcomed by those educators who today are emphasizing the thinking process, while those who hold that the chief aim of instruction in history, especially in the history of one's own country, is to teach students to feel, might be willing to try to find out whether the students are not likely to feel all the better for a little thinking.

When we inaugurate such a program, Professor Johnson's book will be thumbed from cover to cover by student and teacher alike.



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Prologue

This prologue was delivered by John Drew at the Players' excellent performance of Henry IV, given in New York in the week of May 31. The poem, by Brian Hooker, and the portrait of the Shakespeare bust, by Robert Ingersoll Aitken, are taken by permission from the program of the performance.

MR. DREW, *in the character of a Herald.*

YOU know me well. I am the soul of things;
I am Romance, keeper of creeds and crowns;
I am the pride of legendary kings,
I am the laughter of immortal clowns.

I stand, a parable, before your eyes,
Being one of yourselves in a strange dress:
Brave gentlemen, your brother in disguise;
Fair ladies, by your favour—nothing less.

And the interpretation? Only this:
As I am now, so were those others then
Most human persons, born to curse and kiss,
Drink, laugh, desire—mere women, mortal men
Bidding good-tomorrow to our yesterday
With our own natural wonder. . . .

Now the Play.

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Are We Going to the Dogs?

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST, FORM AND ACTUALITY. By OSWALD SPENGLER. Translated with Notes by CHARLES FRANCIS ATKINSON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $7.50.

Reviewed by JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON
Author of "The Mind in the Making"

THIS is a tremendous work, bewildering in its demands on one's attention and overwhelming in its implications. It invites us to reconsider the whole story of humanity with the hope of forecasting its fate. Its threatening title arrests the attention. *Are* we going to the dogs? The original "Untergang des Abendlands" has a minatory resonance which the milder "Decline of the West," chosen by the judicious translator, fails to reproduce. Although conceived before the World War the book was not published until July, 1918, when the humiliation of Germany was imminent. How grateful to wounded national pride was the assurance that Germany's defeat was but part and parcel of the fall of western civilization! This may account for the sale of nearly a hundred thousand copies of a costly work in two volumes aggregating 1192 pages of not so very easy reading matter. A German reviewer calls it *Das Schicksalsbuch unseres ganzen Zeitalters*—the Doomsday book of our whole age. Four hundred German writers have quarrelled with Spengler's assertions, and a *Kritik seiner Kritiker* has summated the whole "*Streit um Spengler*" and been accepted by his publisher as a vindication of the author's genius.

So much for the German aspects of the work. Mr. Charles Francis Atkinson, with the persistent urge of that enterprising publisher, Alfred Knopf, has done into excellent English the first volume of Spengler's work, with its alluring subtitle "Form and Actuality." The considerably longer, still untranslated, second volume is concerned with "The Perspectives of World History." Mr. Atkinson seems to meet the demands suggested by Roger Bacon, that a translator should know something of the language from which he is translating, of that into which he is translating, and of the subject matter. This is a rather rare combination of abilities. While one familiar with German and with the matter under discussion will inevitably find himself suggesting here and there a different rendering, no one can object that Mr. Atkinson has not turned the troublesome book into real English. It is an intelligent and oftimes ingenious version. Now let us see what Herr Spengler seems to have on his mind.

In this book is attempted for the first time the venture of predetermining history, of following the still untraveled stages in the destiny of a Culture, and specifically of the only Culture of our time and on our planet which is actually in the phase of fulfilment—the Western-European-American.

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All that has so far passed for history is worthless as a basis for forecasting the future. Even if a reader got no farther than the introductory chapter he would find profit and diversion in Spengler's slaughter of the historians. It has been suspected from Voltaire onward that they were, with few exceptions, a feeble folk, and what is worse, stupid and boresome. But Spengler quite justly points out that the fundamental weakness of historians has been that they were not historically-minded. Instead of describing *life*, which can only be understood as a *process*, they recorded happenings, "things-become" rather than "things-becoming." They failed to conceive "the world-as-history" but recalled events and institutions something as a mathematician or biologist states the facts he finds. Spengler is very insistent upon the opposition of these two ways of viewing the past, and his book might well have been called "*Die Welt als Geschichte*," but its sales might in that case have been much reduced. "Morphological" is a favorite word of Spengler's. It is of course borrowed from scientists and has little currency in the home. When one gets the feel of the term it becomes indispensable in certain kinds of thinking. It has to do with the pattern or plan upon which plants and animals are constructed, often disguised in various ways. It includes the way in which the structures develop. There is a morphology of language—of words and grammar. In order to discover the obscure morphology of human civilization the historian must escape from his provincialism and narrowness just as the study of the workings of the human body was developed by com-

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parative anatomy of the mammals, the vertebrates, and latterly the protozoa. After these introductory reflections we can hardly do better than turn over to the reader Spengler's own key to his work.

Present-day historians think they are performing a work of supererogation in bringing in religious and social, or even art-history, as details to "illustrate" the political sense of an epoch. But the decisive factor—decisive, that is, in so far as visible history is the expression, sign, and embodiment of the soul [Seelenthum]—they forget. I have not hitherto found one who has carefully considered the *morphological relationship* that inwardly binds together the expression-forms of *all* branches of a Culture, who has gone beyond politics to grasp the ultimate and fundamental ideas of Greeks, Arabians, [East] Indians, and Westerners in mathematics, the meaning of their early ornamentation, the basic forms of their architecture, philosophies, drama, and lyrics, their choice and development of great arts, the details of their craftsmanship and choice of materials—let alone have appreciated the decisive importance of these matters for the form-problems of history.

Who amongst them realizes that between differential calculus and the dynastic principle of politics in the age of Louis XIV, between the classical city-state and the Euclidean geometry, between the space-perspective of Western oil painting and the conquest of space by railroad, telephone, and long-range weapons, between contrapunctal music and credit economics, there are deep uniformities? Yet, viewed from this morphological standpoint, even the humdrum facts of politics assume a symbolic and even a metaphysical character, and—what has perhaps been impossible hitherto—things such as the Egyptian administrative system, the classical coinage, analytical geometry, and cheque, the Suez canal, the block printing of the Chinese, the Prussian army, and the Roman road-engineering can all alike be viewed as symbols and interpreted as such.

This *massenhaft* program would certainly drive most historians into their cyclone cellars. One can readily see, however, why one with an almost preturnatural book-knowledge can fill two volumes with the "symbols" and the interpretation thereof. Spengler says we must proceed by *analogy* in setting forth a real "world history" as distinguished from the spurious works that have previously paraded as such. In this way we achieve the "logic of time" and reach the perception of Destiny, "the deepest inward certainty, a fact that suffuses all mythological religions and artistic thought and constitutes the whole essence and kernel of history."

There is a period of youth, the prime of life and old age in all civilizations, and we are in the last period. The sooner we realize this the better. We can take it or leave it. Spengler ends his work with the ominous *Ducunt fata volentem, nolentem trahunt*—the fates gently lead those with insight, but inexorably drag along the fool. Such is the outcome of this particular fable!

It was the custom in former times to jot down in a so-called "common place" book such apposite quotations and reflections as happened to come in the writer's way. Mrs. Thrale, as my friend Percival Merritt has delightfully shown us, called her commonplace book "Minced meat for Pyes." The "Downfall of the Land of the Setting Sun" is a commonplace book which is not at all commonplace. He who ventures into it will be wise to refrain from the usual tendency to think too damned quick. He would better not set out with the idea of pronouncing this and that right or wrong, true or untrue. He will find plenty of wonderment. His mind will be set going, and that is always the main thing.

Carolina Dunes

ADVENTURES IN GREEN PLACES. By Herbert Ravenel Sass. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. $2.50.

Reviewed by H. W. Boynton

I HAVE a shelf or two happily devoted to "nature writers," which is surely an abominable term for a highly estimable company. There abide Walton and Jefferies and Thoreau and Burroughs, Muir and Torrey and Olive Thorne Miller and Dallas Lore Sharp. And there shall dwell henceforth "Adventures in Green Places." It is a book which carries on all the fine traditions of the writers who in all periods have found their theme in the drama of extra-human life on a man-ridden globe. And it has the advantage of a new or little explored range, for most American "nature-writing" has belonged to the East or the North or the far West. Mr. Sass's hunting-ground lies among the dunes and swamps of the Carolinas, in what he calls the "Low Country." It is a country haunted by memories of grandeur, its wilderness holding the ruins of great plantation houses, its "barrier isles" the dim wreckage of summer plaisance, in the days of Charleston's greatness.

Upon this melancholy note of departed glory one or two papers dwell, as in "Dragon Music and Ghosts." The dragon music is the rare and fitful morning chorus of the alligators from the Carolina backwaters. The ghosts are the ghosts of that ancient régime: "Dawn and dusk are the best times in the old plantation country, for it is a country full of old wistful memories and wraiths out of the past."

But most of our adventures are adventures among the living, the birds and reptiles who were at home in these green places before humans began to intrude, and will be at home there, no doubt, when many another human régime and dispensation has passed to nothing. Some of these wild races have been menaced and brought almost to extinction by the heedlessness of man. Mr. Sass's supreme adventure was to discover two island breeding-places of the snowy egret, and by getting legal protection for them, of assuring the rapid increase of that beautiful and almost extinct species. Alligators, snakes, and the lizard tribe are among the wild folk celebrated in these papers, but it is clear that the writer's great enthusiasm is for the free and expert creatures of air celebrated in "Great Soaring Birds" and elsewhere often throughout these pages. He is a devoted admirer of the eagle, and the other mighty flyers. It is perhaps a sense of jealousy for one's own which makes me feel that he does less than justice to that magnificent soarer who dwells (or condescends to nest) on my own salt water acres,—the *osprey*.

A Generation's Spokesman

THE PORTRAIT OF A GENERATION. By Robert McAlmon. Three Mountains Press: Paris, Ile Saint-Louis, Quai d'Anjou, 29. 1926.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

THIS book is one of two hundred that have been printed, ten of which are on Verge d'Arches paper, numbered 1 to 10. Mr. McAlmon's "Distinguished Air" was printed on Arches paper also and retailed at four dollars. He has written five books, and, according to Mr. Ernest Walsh, "there is not one bad book in the five. And he hasn't looked at all the world yet but he is going to." I am glad to hear that. In the meanwhile Mr. McAlmon gives us "The Portrait of a Generation." His last book was a fairy story.

In his review of Mr. McAlmon's "Distinguished Air," which I must otherwise try to put out of my mind, because now is no time for mirth and laughter, Mr. Walsh said one thing of interest. He remarked that Robert McAlmon, Emanuel Carnevali, and Ethel Moorhead had all "gone back to the old and first manner of writing which gave us English literature. It is the school that writes by instinct and creates its own language as it writes." It is a homespun prose, Mr. Walsh thinks, rather than a machine-made prose. Therefore "the design is not mean."

I have examined proof of this statement by reading Mr. McAlmon's "extract," "Transcontinental," in *This Quarter*. I suppose one may get a fair idea of Mr. McAlmon's prose from his extract. "Transcontinental" is not particularly well written. It bears little trace of style. But it presents its rather uninteresting young people, in their undergraduate environment, in a perfectly lucid fashion. In its way it is "the portrait of a generation," at least of that fraction of a generation that tediously speculates upon poetry and sex on the Pacific Coast, in certain institutions of learning. They are a crass lot, and depressing, but Mr. McAlmon's rather heavy portayal of them is somewhat interesting documentation.

It *is* "homespun prose" indubitably. But in that fact seems to me to reside no especial virtue. As to the "old and first manner of writings," that is chiefly buncombe. What possible relationship does this rather undistinguished flat-footed prose bear, for instance, to Gower and "Piers Plowman"? Such work might, perhaps, be taken as example of "the old and first," at least in English literature. Gower and Langland wrote by instinct—and who does not? As for creating their own language, they used the language that lay about them, used it so that they might be understood, tried, over and above this, to use it aptly and beautifully. Mr. McAlmon uses the language that lies about him, in his prose—uses it so that he may be understood; does not use it with any particular sensitivity. But that is all there is to this nonsense about creating one's own language.

However, this is supposedly a review of a book of poems as they are called by Mr. McAlmon, not of his prose. In "The Portrait of a Generation," he is far from lucid. That seems to have become the new function of poetry (as it is spoken of) to pose riddles, to be as elliptical as possible, to make confusion worse confounded. In this Mr. McAlmon succeeds as well as many of his compeers. He is in the movement, in the turbid stream.

I quote from "Neurotic Correspondence":

> One cannot stay forever in one place.
> A rainy day depresses or the sun is stark.
> You write from Paris or the South of France
> en route to where,
> as he is planning then a trip to Spain
> or Warsaw.

This is, of course, not even comprehensible prose. But incoherence is the aim, notably achieved. And then, there is "the incontrovertible statement," such as:

> You say much the same thing
> of London and of Paris
> you both have said before.

So interesting! But it is all rightly in "the portrait of a generation," because of its vast *fin de siècle* lassitude. (Who could dream, from this, that there is anything exhilarating in the age, or that we are in reality beginning the second quarter of the twentieth century?) "Neurotic correspondence"—an excellent title for much of the poetry of this age! It is excessively tiring because it is so tired.

That one sample is, of course, unfair to McAlmon. Let us proceed. We come to romances. The first is unsavory, and a fact.

> a fact erected as a fact
> as architecture good bad
> or indifferent
> with no passionate need of conviction.

As to the second romance. We don't gleam much from the presentation of Karen, except that Mr. McAlmon is altruistically serving as "tutor to under-intelligent and mostly imbecilic fools, who don't know what the question is about." We don't.

We proceed—to an historical reminiscence (old stale scandal) concluded with a brief meditation upon the iron resources of Lapland and Siberia and the possibilities of future North Pole exploration. An "emphatic decision" concerning Mussolini is followed by "What does one do?" (tired eternal question), by more romances and neurotic correspondence (the coloratura primadonna alone supplying color), by more neurotic correspondence and tawdry romances, by a perfect scream of an historical reminiscence (I'm sure) mixed with the surge of machinery and the trick whistle of Kate from the Barbary Coast, by talk of Einstein and Böhme and international politics, and Coccu the Spanish dancer, and the Zinovieff letter, and man-and-monkey, and Bordeaux, and the "steel-brittle Aphrodite of machinery." It is all, of course, utterly disjointed, this "Revolving Mirror," followed by "Fragments and Miscellany," by "Jewels, Vegetables and Flesh," by a fair account of a bull-fight, by "Contemporary Irritations and Didactics."

So "the generation" sits in its *café* in Paris, and its eyelids have grown more than a little weary. There is no health in us. The world revolves in the revolving mirror. The mind is a mere kaleidoscope of preposterous patterns, ever shifting and reforming. The news of the day, the babble of small-talk, amorous memories. Language is a mere box of anagram letters split all over a cracked marble table. Sex is a persistent thorn in suppurating flesh. Existence is drab, sad, and hopeless. Everything is stale and outworn. Remains the sneer. Remains the weary pastime of disconnected sentences. That is nepenthe. That is art. At least, all the art we have. The world is still shell-shocked.

"The portrait of a generation." But perhaps it is hardly that. Perhaps it is hardly as bad as all that!

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Descartes's Letters

CORRESPONDENCE OF DESCARTES AND CONSTANTYN HUYGENS, 1635-1647. Edited from manuscripts now in the Bibliothèque Nationale. By LEON ROTH. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $14.

Reviewed by DAVID EUGENE SMITH
Columbia University

SELDOM does there come to the reviewer's desk a more worthy contribution to human knowledge than this, or a better specimen of good construction, of literary taste, and of printer's art. That there should suddenly appear, almost from the unknown, a body of letters written by such a man as Descartes, filled with human interest, and preserved through three centuries by a kind of watchful providence, and that these should find a scholar whose tastes and abilities so well fit him to place them before the public, is a matter for surprise as well as for congratulation.

Upwards of twenty years ago Mr. L. H. Dudley Buxton, now lecturer in physical anthropology at Oxford, then a schoolboy, found among some family papers one hundred and twenty-six letters and documents relating to Descartes. Of these, sixty-three were autograph letters from him to Constantyn Huygens, father of Christian Huygens, the physicist. Prior to this discovery only about ninety-five autographs of Descartes had been found, so that over forty per cent of all known pieces are in this collection.

For nearly two centuries prior to 1825 this material had been in the possession of the van Sypestein family of Haarlem. It was sold, with other documents, by Sotheby in June, 1825, for Jonkheer C. A. van Sypestein, who had inherited it. It next appeared in the catalogue of Thomas Thorpe, a London bookseller, in 1833. There is some reason to think that the letters then passed through the hands of Charles Babbage, of calculating-machine fame; but in any case they later came into the possession of Harry Wilmot Buxton, after which they remained substantially unknown to the world for nearly a century and until discovered as above stated.

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These letters are now published in full with short prolegomena and notes relating to the subject matter and to the persons and events mentioned. The editor has sought to harmonize the style with that adopted in tome I of the "Œuvres de Descartes" ("Correspondence"), edited by MM. Charles Adam and Paul Tannery (Paris, 1897), and it might be said that he could not have done better were it not for the fact that, typographically at least, he actually succeeded in improving upon his model.

The question naturally arises,—what does such a collection do for the world? What does it tell us that was not known before the contents of these letters were revealed? Do the pages advance the cause of philosophy, of science, of mathematics, or of any other branch of human knowledge in which the interests of Descartes were so pronounced? Perhaps the best answer that can be given is the one stated by M. Adam, who was, very appropriately, called upon to write the Avant-Propos: "On ne saurait exagérer la valeur de cette Correspondence de Descartes et de Huygens. *Elle nous fait mieux connaître le philosophe, sinon sa philosophie même.* Elle précise heureusement quelques traits de sa physionomie; elle nous montre, dans diverses circonstances de la vie, l'homme, sa personne, et son caractère."

Thus we are enabled to see, through these letters, more of the nature of the man, more of his thoughts, of his methods, of his life. At one time we see him pleading the cause of the unfortunate with the ardor of a Voltaire; at another he expresses his contempt for ingratitude in an individual and for the oppression inflicted by senseless laws; while at another he shows that even a philosopher can succumb to the lure of the chase. He appears, too, as the gallant, presenting copies of his scientific works to Madame de Zuylichem instead of to her husband (Huygens), his humor asserting itself by sending them unbound or, as he says, "tout nus," remarking that it is no longer the custom "de donner des robes aux enfants dès le premier jour qu'ils viennent au monde."

The letters also show him at work in the domain of medicine ("ie trauaille maintenant à composer vn abregé de medicine, que ie tire en partie des liures et en partie de mes raisonnemens"); giving himself up to the study of chemistry; interested in botany and exchanging notes on the "ambrettes"; sympathetic with poetry, and, naturally, devoting himself to physics, philosophy, and mathematics.

They also show Descartes as somewhat of an opportunist,—"de me regler sur les occurrences, et de suiure autant que ie pourray les conseils les plus seurs et les plus tranquilles"; as a lover of the quiet life,—"C'est pourquoy ie philosophe icy fort paisiblement et à mon ordinaire, c'est à dire sans me haster"; and as one who philosophizes on everything—"Et comme vous sçauez que i'ay coutome de philosopher sur tout ce qui se presente." As M. Adam says, the letters reveal the human being, and this is a revelation always worth having.

Constantijn Huygens, or Sir Constantijn as we might call him, since he was knighted during his diplomatic service in London by James I, was a statesman, diplomat, linguist, poet, and musician, besides being blessed with an income sufficient for the life he was called upon to lead. He was private secretary to three successive Stadtholders and came to know all the leading scholars and statesmen of Holland in his time. He was (1633) a brother-in-law of David de Leu de Wilhelm, who was councilor to the Prince of Orange and a friend of Descartes, and to him Wilhelm introduced the latter in 1632. In May of that year Descartes wrote a note to his friend "Monsieur de Willhelme, Counseiller de Monr. le Prince d Orange," at the Hague, which reads in part as follows:

> Ie ne scay que respondre a la courtoisie de Monsieur Huguens sinon que ie cheris l'honneur de sa connoissance comme lune de mes meilleures fortunes, et que ie neseray iamais en lieu ou ie puisse auoir le bien de le voir que ie nen recherche les occasions ainsy que ie seray tousiours celles de vous tesmoigner que ie suis Monsieur Vostre treshumble et tresaffectionné seruiteur Descartes.

Wilhelm forwarded this letter to Huygens and thus was opened the correspondence set forth in this book. The wanderings of this letter can be traced for a considerable period and, by an interesting coincidence, it is at present the property of this reviewer, whose interest in the collection, which was the result of its appreciative words, is thereby increased.

Scientific Mind Healing

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. An Examination of the Religion of Health. By SIR WILLIAM BARRETT and ROSA M. BARRETT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926. $1.75.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

HERE at last is a good book on Christian Science. It is written with the same objectivity and lack of prejudice to which we are accustomed in discussions of Egyptian or Babylonian religions but which we are not yet sufficiently civilized to exhibit ordinarily with regard to contemporary religious movements. Sir William Barrett and his sister are devout Christians who have been led by what seems to them convincing evidence to accept the reality of mental healing as fully as do the Christian Scientists themselves. They are therefore predisposed to be sympathetic. On the other hand, they have realized the necessity of a thorough investigation of their subject, and after making it, give their report without fear or favor. What, then, is their report?

In Mrs. Eddy these authors do not see Woodbridge Riley's "thrice-married female Trismegistus," arch-hypocrite and fraud, but a woman of undeniable sincerity, much energy, much determination, with a lofty spiritual ideal and a tremendous genius for practical organization. They give well-deserved praise to the *Christian Science Monitor* "started by Mrs. Eddy in 1908 for the purpose of giving general news in a wholesome way without any distinctive doctrinal aspect, and also without sensation or exploitation of vice; hence reports of murders, divorce cases, and so on, are wholly excluded. It is most ably edited. . . . No more wholesome or better conducted newspaper exists in the world." But, they urge, Mrs. Eddy was unfortunately a person of great weaknesses as well as great virtues, and her very ability caused these weaknesses to be even more productive of evil than they would otherwise have been. They feel that her avarice, megalomania, untruthfulness, and intellectual superficiality could not fail to affect the character of the movement which she originated.

The first accusation, although the one most frequently heard, is the one least substantiated by our authors. True, Mrs. Eddy charged each student in her "Metaphysical College" three hundred dollars for a course of twelve days' instruction—which seems a little exorbitant; true, she placed an unusually high price on "Science and Health" and insisted that every member of the church should buy a copy; true, she was keen to go to law for the protection of her copyrights; but all this would pass unnoticed in any average "good citizen." There is little evidence that Mrs. Eddy loved money more than does the great majority of the human race. Possibly Keyserling is right in saying that American religious movements by uniting the ideals of material and spiritual success have made a revolutionary advance over similar movements in the past. Certainly the Christian Science argument that cures are more likely to occur when paid for is psychologically sound—we value more that for which we make some sacrifice. That very line of reasoning, however, may explain much of the antagonism to Mrs. Eddy. She made no sacrifice for her religion, but on the contrary became a millionaire by means of it; she suffered much, indeed,—from physical ill-health,—but she never suffered for humanity. In that she differs from nearly every other great religious leader.

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Whatever one may think with regard to Mrs. Eddy's alleged avarice, megalomania is certainly writ large over all her work. She built up in a single life-time a more strongly centered spiritual autocracy than the Catholic Church was able to do in centuries. She herself directly prescribed the creed, the form of worship, and the organization of every Christian Science community throughout the world. To what avail her fine words, "I only ask my friends to look away from my personality and to fix their eyes on Truth," when she had forced them, by all the means in her power, to identify the two?

Her megalomania seems to have been responsible for much in her relations with Dr. Quimby, the Portland mesmerist and spiritual healer. Since the publication of the Quimby MSS. in 1921 there can be no question of her direct indebtedness to Quimby, whose patient she was, with whom she corresponded for three years, and whose unpublished writings are known to have been in her hands. From him she derived not only the phrases "Science of Health" and "Christian Science," but the fundamental principle of all her teaching. We find Quimby originating "Disease is an error," "Disease is a belief," "I destroy the disease by showing the error," and Mrs. Eddy paraphrasing—"Disease is a delusion," "It is a false belief," "The cure is effected by making the disease appear to be —what it really is—an illusion." Yet Mrs. Eddy in later years asserted that she owed nothing to Quimby and that he had never even used spiritual healing, thereby contradicting her own earlier statements made to him, to others, and in a public lecture of 1864 on "P. P. Quimby's Spiritual Healing."

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It would be absurd, of course, to claim any great degree of intellectual power for either Quimby or Mrs. Eddy. Our authors rightly name their so-called metaphysics a "bastard idealism." True philosophic idealism, which draws all things within the circle of mind, by this very fact leaves the relationship of the parts unchanged; if matter is an idea, it is none the less real for that. Mrs. Eddy's pseudo-idealism, on the other hand, asserts that matter is unreal, while yet the unreal body may be clad in real clothes, eat real food, and receive all the benefits obtained from very real money.

The strength of Christian Science, according to our two authors, lies in its emphasis upon the fact of mental healing which they show to have been an integral part of the great majority of religious movements. Its weakness lies in its exclusive character: exclusive, first, in its position that mental healing is the only form of healing, whence its unnecessary and perilous opposition to medicine; exclusive, second, in its attempt to restrict all mental healing within the scheme laid down by Mrs. Eddy. "Knowledge and our apprehension of it must grow in religion as in everything else, and attempts made by various sects and religious bodies to check this growth can but result in their ultimate overthrow. Hence the funeral dirge of Christian Science was sounded in the very words used by Mrs. Eddy in the hope of preserving it for ever: 'Science and Health is the *final* revelation of the absolute Principle of Scientific Mind-healing.'"

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Sean O'Casey's New Play

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS. By SEAN O'CASEY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

WITH "The Plough and the Stars" Sean O'Casey completes a cycle of plays, a trilogy dealing with the revolution in Ireland. His latest opens the series chronologically: it deals with the first phase of the revolution—the insurrection of 1916, while "The Shadow of a Gunman" deals with the guerilla warfare waged by the underground Republican organization against the British "Black and Tans," and "Juno and the Paycock," but recently played in New York, deals with the Civil War fought out between the barely organized National Government and the Irregulars—the last phase of the revolution. The scene of all three plays is in the tenement-house district in Dublin and the catastrophies of all of them come out of the impact of the revolution upon the tenement dwellers. Apart from its dramatic interest the trilogy has historical interest: it is written by a man who belonged to the Citizen Army and who shared the lives of the people he writes about during the fateful six years in which the revolution worked itself out.

On the people of Sean O'Casey's plays the effect of the revolution in all its phases was of terror; anyone who has seen it played can hardly forget the agonizing scene of the raid on the tenement by the "Black and Tans" in "The Shadow of a Gunman," nor can they forget the scene in "Juno and the Paycock," where the wounded Johnny is dragged out to execution by the Irregulars. In "The Plough and the Stars" terror dominates the fourth act as poor Nora Clitheroe, whose baby has been born dead, and who is not yet aware of the killing of her husband, stands by the body of Bessie Burgess, shot from the street by a British patrol. Sean O'Casey, whose first book was written to celebrate the doings of the Citizen Army in the insurrection, shows himself an anti-militarist in all three plays. The protagonist of internationalism and the proletarian revolution is handled with as much mockery as the nationalists; the sentiment of the play is so bitterly against every kind of warfare that, during the first production in Dublin, an attempt was made to stop the performance on the ground that it was an attack upon the memories of all who strove to liberate Ireland by arms.

As a piece of dramatic construction "The Plough and the Stars" is ahead of "Juno and the Paycock;" the action progresses without the auxiliary characters and without the extra episodes that are in the latter play and in "The Shadow of a Gunman." None of the characters in "The Plough and the Stars" are nugatory as characters as were the poet in "The Shadow of a Gunman" and Mary's betrayer in "Juno and the Paycock." Considering the mass of things that is involved in it, the action of "The Plough and the Stars" is compact and well ordered. But although better as a piece of dramatic construction, it is not better as a piece of literature. None of the people in the new play have the dimensions of Captain Boyle and Joxer in "Juno," and there is no character that has the calibre of Juno herself. The humanity in this last play, one cannot help thinking, is thinner, weedier, than the humanity in the play that made Sean O'Casey famous.

In the first act, Jack Clitheroe, a bricklayer and a member of the Citizen Army, is given an order to take a battalion out for the rehearsal of an attack upon Dublin Castle. This order disrupts Clitheroe's home-life: he has just been married to "little red-lipped Nora," and the military movement that the order draws him into takes him away from her; moreover it reveals the fact that he had been given a commission in the Citizen Army sometime before this and that Nora had destroyed the letter that informed him that he had been made a commandant. He goes out to the manœuvers with bitter words between Nora and himself. Clitheroe is not really a hero, although he has got himself into a desperate undertaking. He is vain of the rank he has been given, he is vain of his Sam Brown belt and uniform; above all, he is afraid of showing himself afraid before his comrades. The relation between him and his wife makes the poignancy of the action. And yet we have very little of Clitheroe and Nora in the four acts of the play. Clitheroe's longest appearance is in the first act; he comes into the second act for a few minutes, when the tricolor of the Volunteers and the Plough and the Stars of the Citizen Army are carried into the public house in the scene that was most offensive to patriotic sentiment in Dublin; he appears again in the third act; then, for a few minutes he is with the harrassed Nora, but is drawn away from her again by his fear of showing himself afraid. In the fourth act we hear of how he has been shot through the body and how the walls of the burning building have fallen down on him, and how the General has declared that his wife should be proud of how he has died for Ireland—his wife who has given birth to a dead child and whose mind has been broken. It is not the principals who figure largely in the play, but the figures who are grouped around them—Uncle Peter, The Young Covey, Fluther Good, Bessie Burgess, Mrs. Gogan, and the streetwalker, Rosie Redmond. With this small group of characters Sean O'Casey contrives to make something of a world: he gives us the effect of having at least a streetful of people in the play.

It is as a partisan for pacifism that Sean O'Casey has written "The Plough and the Stars." That temper gives power to the play. The inspirer of the revolution comes into the play as a shadow and a voice. The words heard are words which might have been spoken by Padraic Pearse. But the shadow that comes upon the window looms larger than any man, and the speech seems to be from generations who have cherished a dream of resurgency. This scene is a fine dramatic invention. Through the window of the public house in which people are arguing, fighting, lusting, comes the shadow of a man speaking to a crowd outside and comes a voice glorifying insurrection.

One of the Sophisticates

COUNT BRUGA. By BEN HECHT. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

BENJAMIN HECHT, as I once heard him called in a college course, has turned from "the realistic toothaches and garrulous seductions" of modern fiction to conceive in Count Bruga a preposterous and amusing caricature. He describes the book as a lark, and probably had no serious intentions in writing it except artistic intentions; but it is not without significance in Hecht's literary development. Probably he has wearied of the realistic toothaches and garfulous seductions; probably he sees them approaching an outmoded conclusion, and is among the first to jump off a leaking boat; probably, no less, the years have brought into richer and more active play his always latent sense of the comic and ridiculous. In any case, though I do not mean to read far-fetched meanings into buffooning satire, he has added a critical outlook to his creative visions, and joined the sophisticates.

Count Bruga, we are told, "was neither a count nor was his name Hippolyt Bruga." He was a *poseur*, "as insensitive as a hangman, as vain as a monkey, and as absurd as Sinbad." Born Julius Ganz, a butcher's son, he first became Jules Ganz, celebrated as the poet who wrote "Microscopic Sommersaults" and notorious as the impudent, ill-kempt, and boorish uninvited guest who disrupted tea-parties and literary symposiums. Disappearing for a year, he returned, having changed his name to Count Bruga but without having changed his spots. And again he went his ludicrous way, scoffer, clown, unsuccessful seducer of women, *poseur* decrying moral poses, egoist decrying egoism in others, sophisticate pursuing a naïve *grande passion*—a caricature and a freak having, strangely or explicably enough, the soul of a poet and the yearnings of a romantic. Yet preposterous as he was one suspects him of being not entirely an invention. "A good half of his time was spent in correspondence with the prize-awarding editors of the country . . . pointing out that he, as a result of their ghastly and fantastic stupidity in again withholding his just reward, was now the three-hundred-and-twenty-second ranking poet in America—having lost that many contests." That much of him, for example, did not have to be invented, as readers of correspondence columns will recall.

Had Mr. Hecht not weighted down his novel with a complicated plot involving a murder and the consequences, I think he would have written a more succulent and continuously amusing book. I do not, of course, object to this absurd plot because of its absurdity, but because it is grotesque without being funny or particularly interesting. It is the kind of grotesquerie which appeals to amateurs, dealing as it does with magicians and other hocus-pocus, and were it not capably handled, would be amateurish here. Indeed, Mr. Hecht's sense of the ridiculous is always built on the inventive and fanciful rather than on subtler and less forced incongruities. There is nothing robust about the humor in "Count Bruga." It is seldom one of pure situation, though there are exceptions to the statement; much oftener it is plainly satirical, as in the police-court scenes and the psychiatrist's examinations; and most often and best of all, it is verbal humor, a matter of phrasing and comment. But except for the plot-scheme, the book is keen and good. Mr. Hecht, here no less than elsewhere, has vitality and versatility. His satire is not yet quite objective, and perhaps his hero's epigrammatic disposals of his contemporaries—Ezra Pound, for example, is "yesterday's orchid in a Bloomsbury buttonhole" and Aldous Huxley "a pale debauchee staggering across an endless bedroom under a load of epigrams"—meet the full approval of his creator. The serious Hecht and the humorous Hecht are undeniably parts of the same person; but just as undeniably the humorist is a real one of his kind, and has written a remarkably entertaining book.

Fluttering Mayflies

THE SACRED TREE, being the Second Part of "The Tale of Genji" by Lady Murasaki. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

ABOUT the year 1000 Ethelred the Redeless, whose feeble kingdom was being harried by Danish pirates, thought it might prove helpful if he should cause to be murdered all the Danes settled in England. A day was set and the massacre began. True, it cost Ethelred his kingdom; Swend, a sea-rover whose sister had been butchered, attended to that. "The war," says history, "was terrible but short," and one must add that the state of civilization, the social culture, of the contestants does not seem high. As for example, of a certain Archbishop, "The Danes set him in the midst of their husting, pelting him with bones and skulls of oxen, till one more pitiful than the rest clove his skull with an axe."

At about the same period Prince Genji of the Court of Japan danced at the Festival of Red Leaves, danced "The Waves of the Blue Sea" so that "a rapture seized the onlookers that was akin to fear."

> The maple-wreath that Genji wore had suffered in the wind and thinking that the few red leaves which clung to it had a desolate air the Minister of the Left plucked a branch of chrysanthemums . . . and twined them in the dancer's wreath.—His Exit Dance, crowned as he was with this unspeakably beautiful wreath of many colored flowers, was even more astonishing . . . and seemed to the thrilled onlookers like the vision of another world.

A reprehensible exhibition of overstrained æsthetic sensibilities! Decadence, evidently! The future will lie with those who hurl well-gnawed ox-ribs at dismembered Archbishops. But in retrospect the contrast is somewhat diverting. Moreover, no European novel of any distinction was written, so far as I can discover, in the year 1000. At that period the Lady Murasaki, I fear, could not have been happy in the too virile and childish West. Nor can I even quite imagine her enjoying the helter-skelter social *milieu* of, say, New York in the year of our blessed evolutionary progress, 1926. Not that the speculation has any conceivable importance now, for her or for us!

"The Tale of Genji" is a long, long, and unhurried novel. The men and women in it are aristocrats who have spun for themselves a social and artistic culture of the utmost tenuity of refinement. They are all for the sixteenth shade and the thirty-second distinction, and they live wholly for the beautiful and the gracious; yet they are often bored and sad. Nevertheless, it is interesting and mildly seductive to observe them at their pretty game of life and death. But you will not be deeply stirred by the pageant. Even their inconstancies and casual griefs are "stylized" (O stylized Modern Critic, I thank thee for that word!) and innocently far away. . . . Briefly, a quiet, oddly believable feigned history of meaningless Mayflies, crossing, recrossing, and fluttering nowhither, but doing it all so winningly, with so perfect a rhythmic grace! Nothing more cunningly sophisticated has ever been penned. The Lady Murasaki was an ultimate flower springing from a strictly walled and æsthetically faultless garden. The world, in its infinite permutations, will hardly reduplicate her blooming. It is far more likely to reduplicate the hurlers of well-gnawn ox-thighs.

But in one late, much mollified descendant of

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those hurlers, in Mr. Arthur Waley, the Lady Murasaki has found, after nearly another thousand years, her predestined translator. And here and there in the West among other mollified descendants she will find readers now and even, I suspect, worshippers. I suspect, indeed, that I shall be a member of that cult myself. The Lady Murasaki has a way with her, and Mr. Arthur Waley, too, can deal in word-magic. So—

I drive my chariot up to the Eastern Gate;
From afar I see the graveyard north of the Wall.
The white aspens how they murmur, murmur;
Pines and cypresses flank the broad paths.
Beneath lie men who died long ago . . .
Man's life is like a sojourning,
His longevity lacks the firmness of stone and metal . . .
Seeking by food to obtain Immortality
Many have been the dupe of strange drugs.
Better far to drink good wine
And clothe our bodies in robes of satin and silk.

Two Novels in One

THE HOUSEMAID. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by MAX A. EGLOFF

THIS book contains two novels, one good and the otheer worse. The duality of structure is laid to the account of Fate whose involved plottings are said to be thus illustrated. Miss Royde-Smith's stated aim is to demonstrate how an obscure mother's devotion to her daughter's welfare may effect the lives of various persons high and low, many of them unknown to her and unaware of her existence. Whether or not this reasonably obvious matter needs further elucidation, "The Housemaid" adds very little to the fictional examples already recorded.

The tale of importance describes the tragedy of John Page. It is the familiar drama of mental and emotional frustration, placed in a London lower middle-class setting, and presented skilfully and sympathetically. The pathos is authentic, and the incidental humor, although approaching rather too closely to farce, is wholly palatable. The chief source of these lighter passages is the rudimentary intellectualism of John Page and his luncheon companion, Parminter the proofreader. They discuss, for example, the education of Annie May Page, not yet two years old:

"You'll never educate the female mind to appreshyiate Sam Butler," said Mr. Parminter. "Wimmin can't make extensive mental efforts. Their brains is not so physically powerful as wot yours and mine are in a way of speaking. They start out bright enough, I admit, but they lapse if you take my meaning."

"I daresay you are right in a general way, Mr. Parminter," said John, "but there have been great exceptions. Great exceptions."

"In ancient days, I grant you, John, but not in our time. Where, I ask you, can you find a female brine equivalent to that of the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone?"

"Well, there's Mrs. Besant."

"Ah, she had Bradlaugh's intellect behind her. That's where the wimmin are so crafty, John. Many's the woman who's picked a man's mind and flourished it before the world as her own. Whereas . . . show me the man who has ever picked a woman's brain and lived on the results."

Ann Page, the former housemaid, is indisputably the determining factor in this story. If she had shared her husband's mental curiosity, or had sought to interest herself in him even to the extent of singing for him the songs which Lady Sampson had taught her, then he would not, in all probability, have been drawn into the fatal companionship with the dead Parminter's congenial niece. And, finally, had Ann been only a trifle more stupid, she could not have effectually interposed herself and her daughter's future between John and his Eileen.

But Ann Page has no essential connection with the second narrative which outlines the domestic difficulties of the aristocratic scholar Michel Sherlock. This account displays most of the furniture of an Arlen production, but lacks the cleverness which is that writer's chief claim to critical clemency. Both characters and plot are distorted, and there are spots of blatantly discordant absurdity

While the story of John Page is a commendable piece of work, its treatment of the drama of small events parallels too closely the trail established by Mr. Arnold Bennett. The method throughout the book, in fact, indicates a facility for assimilation which may prevent the fullest realization of Miss Royde-Smith's very considerable talent.

The BOWLING GREEN

During the absence of Mr. Morley in Europe general contributions will be run in his columns.

The Winning of Potentilla

ONCE upon a time—and not so very long ago, for that matter—there was a poor but ambitious youth who was servant in the palace of a king. His poverty was evident to all, but of his ambition none knew save only the King's youngest daughter, the Princess Potentilla. And well might she know it, for if he had told her once he had told her a hundred times that he loved her and desired with all his heart to marry her. The Princess never tired of listening to his avowals, and nothing would have suited her better than to have him for a husband, for he was good to look upon, and gracious and courteous beyond his station, and he had great gaiety of mind. Yet the thing seemed impossible, for the King, her father, would never consent to the marriage.

So for a year or more they cherished a hopeless passion. Wearied at length of further waiting and of clandestine meetings, they decided that they would run away together and get married and dwell in a country where they would be beyond the wrath of the King. But unfortunately their scheming was overheard by the Deputy Assistant Rectifier of the Royal Timepieces, who was waiting that same evening in a neighboring arbor for an assignation with the Mistress of the Queen's Shoebuckles. Thinking to forward his own prospects in the royal household he reported to the King the conversation he had heard.

The amazement and anger of the King may be more easily imagined than described. Having ordered the Princess to be immediately confined in her chamber he sent for the presumptuous servant.

Like most monarchs, he was a firm believer in tradition. Moreover there was a vein of cruelty in his nature. Therefore, by the time his victim was brought before him he had already decided upon a course of action. "You will be shut up at once," he said, "in a room in the west tower. At midnight messengers will come to you. If you fail to accomplish by daybreak the task that they set you, tomorrow you shall die."

As he was being led away the youth asked his guard to allow him to take with him a small bag, without which he never traveled. "I may be in there some time," he said. "You never can tell. And I should like to have my things with me." From a man who was to die on the morrow the request seemed a trifling one, and so the guard consented.

As the clocks of the palace struck the first note of midnight, the door of his room opened and six men filed in, bearing three stretchers. On the first was the body of a drowned man, on the second a man who had been struck by lightning, on the third a man who had taken lunar caustic. "If these three men are not cured by daybreak you will be put to death," said the chief attendant.

The door closed and the youth was alone.

Quickly he went to his bag, opened it, and took out a bottle and a drinking cup. He filled the cup from the bottle and gave it to the poisoned man to drink. Then going to the victim of lightning, he dashed cold water over him. Finally he turned his attention to the drowned man. He loosened his clothing, if any, and emptied the lungs of water by laying body on its stomach and lifting by the middle so that the head hung down. He pulled the tongue forward, using handkerchief, or pin with string, if necessary. He then imitated the motion of respiration by alternately compressing and expanding the lower ribs, about twenty times a minute. He applied warmth and friction to extremities. After about fifteen minutes he was rewarded by observing signs of life in the drowned man.

At daybreak when the attendant returned the three patients were well advanced towards recovery, while the prisoner's face wore a smile that was almost professional.

When the news was brought to the King he was chagrined. But he determined that his victim should not escape him a second time.

Accordingly when midnight again sounded the door opened and the attendant entered carrying in his hand a sheaf of papers. "This," he announced, as he laid it on the table, "is an intelligence test such as His Majesty is accustomed to set to undesirables. Unless all the questions are correctly answered by daybreak when I return, you will be put to death."

Once more alone, the youth studied the list of questions.

1. State the population of the following cities in the years 1910 and 1920, respectively, and estimate the per cent. increase or decrease, as the case may be: Attleborough, Mass.; Beaver Falls, Pa.; Enid, Okla.; Gt. Punxsutawney, Pa.; Natchez, Miss.; Steubenville, O.

2. What are the public holidays in the following states: Arizona, Utah, Porto Rico, Louisiana?

3. How many square chains in an acre? How many cubic inches in a standard bushel?

4. Of the following statements mark with a cross those which are true. Do not guess:

A note given by a minor is void.

Signatures made with lead pencil are good in law.

Agents are not responsible to their principals for errors.

There were fifty questions altogether. But when the attendant returned at daybreak he found the prisoner asleep and the answers to all the questions filled in.

When the King learned that all the answers had been found correct by the Board of Intellectual Inquisitors, he began to feel alarmed. But he decided to put him to the test once more.

Accordingly, on the first stroke of midnight, the attendant entered the room where the young man was confined and laid two bundles on the table.

"This," he said, "is a sailor suit belonging to the royal infant. It is practically ruined. His youthful highness was unable to resist the attractions of fresh paint. And this is a silken gown belonging to the Queen. While lowering a stalk of asparagus into her mouth she was unfortunate enough to stain the front of it with some drops of melted butter. The Mistress of The Wardrobe and her staff have applied all their skill to remove these stains, but to no avail. However, if they have not been removed by daybreak when I return, then you will surely be put to death."

As soon as the door closed the youth opened his bag and took from it various articles. He worked hard and long, and just as the first streaks of dawn appeared the last stain had been removed.

When the King heard that the youth had surmounted successfully the last test, he could no longer retain his admiration. "This," he said, "is a young man worthy of the hand of my daughter." And the Queen, as any woman will understand, was still more enthusiastic.

So the wedding was celebrated with great pomp and amidst universal rejoicing.

As the happy pair were driving away in their carriage the Princess Potentilla turned to her husband and said, "And now tell me, who is the fairy that helped you?"

"Promise you'll never tell anyone," said the Prince.

"I promise," replied the Princess.

At these words her husband drew forth from his pocket a small red book. It was called The Standard Diary and Daily Reminder. He opened it at a page headed Antidotes for Poisons. "See!" he said, pointing. And the Princess read: Nitrate of Silver, Lunar Caustic . . . Salt and Water. Other pages were headed Help, in case of Accidents, Weights and Measures, Population of Principal Cities, Business Laws in Brief, Useful Information.

"For years," he explained, "I have carried one of these round with me and a little bag of tricks to go with it, never really expecting that it would come in handy. But it did, you see, and my mother was right when she would say that it is always well to be prepared. Funny, isn't it? The man who compiled this little book calls it The Standard Diary and Daily Reminder, but it is really a Breviary of Love."

"Tell me," said the Princess, smiling up at him, "does your Breviary tell you what to do when I look at you like this?"

"No," he answered, "but I think I know just the same."

And a moment later the Princess agreed with him.

CHARLES A. BENNETT

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Books of Special Interest

Our Mother Tongue

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN AMERICA. By GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP. New York: The Century Company. 1925. $10.

Reviewed by F. P. MAGOUN, JR.
Harvard University

THE appearance of Professor Krapp's altogether admirable work, "The English Language in America," establishes a landmark in the historical study of language. The broad questions of language—its origin, growth, and change—have engaged the attention of poets and philosophers from remote antiquity, and, whether or no it be designated by the formidable term philology most of us moderns share in this age-long interest in the mystery of human speech and especially our mother tongue. Many of the most fascinating problems related to language study must unfortunately remain the charge of the student trained in linguistic archæology, but do we not all stand on an equal footing in our command, after a fashion at least, of the colloquial and literary speech of modern America? Are we not all aware of our dialects with their rich and interesting variety of pronunciation and use of words? In the familiar field of our mother tongue we used rather to be reminded than taught—though perhaps occasionally taught about our more distant neighbors and our ancestors—and one of the delights in store for the readers of "The English Language in America" will be the meeting of familiar friends dignified by their scientific setting. A careful perusal of Professor Krapp's book will go far towards discovering to the reader, "what worlds and what vast regions" lie at his door ready to be explored.

The work is published in two parts (two volumes), the first devoted to a descriptive account of those words and verbal usages which distinguish American English from British; the second is more technical: a careful analysis of American pronunciation with a brief account of the peculiarities of "our" grammar, the inflectional endings and syntax. The second volume ends with a valuable select bibliography and an index.

* *

In the brilliant and lucid introductory chapter, "The Mother Tongue," the reader is oriented in such matters as the early consciousness of the individuality of American English (pp. 4 ff.), the influences at work (church and school) (pp. 24 ff.), the development of local types of speech (a New England local type, a Southern local type, and a general or Western speech covering the rest of the country) (p. 35 ff.). After an impartial consideration of Professor Krapp's evidence on the last point, one cannot but recognize the less extreme dialect (dialects?) of the Middle West as standard: the characteristics of New England speech can only be regarded as local if not actually provincial (see especially, pp. 45). The introductory chapter closes with a survey of problems needing further investigation (pp. 52 ff.) and the influence of racial mixture on our speech (pp. 60). Here many readers will be surprised and relieved to learn that the influence of foreign speech-centres neither has been, nor is likely to be, appreciable.

The second chapter, "Vocabulary" will prove disappointing to the reader who expects to find there lists of words confirming his notion that British English and American English have gone far in becoming separate languages or even markedly differentiated dialects. "Certainly differentiation has not [as has been claimed] proceeded so far as to result in unintelligibility. Whether it has gone so far as to destroy the sense of sympathy and intimacy between one who uses American English and one who uses British English depends largely upon the degree of sanctity one attaches to *coal-scuttle* as contrasted with *coal-hod*, or *brakesman* as contrasted with brakeman (p. 77)." There follows a study of many interesting terms (especially "hole" as in Woodshole (p. 80 ff), and "run" as in Bull Run (p. 85), also words associated with frontier life (p. 89 ff), plant and animal names (especially "pumpkin," p. 99, and "katydid," p. 104), and "facetious" language (pp. 114 ff). The obscure, though characteristically Yankee "darn" is the subject of an important essay (pp. 118-126), while the remainder of the chapter is concerned with the language of transportation, so vital a factor in the development of our material life (pp. 135 ff.), to topographical terms, to words borrowed from the Dutch, the negroes (insignificant number), and the Indians. The reviewer cannot but wish that all topographical and geographical terms might have been treated together rather than scattered through the chapter. A discussion of "bully" (excellent) and "runt" might also have been included here.

Pages 169-224 are given over to the fascinating branch of linguistic science, "Proper names," both of places and of persons. Here, for example, the Indian has made extensive contributions, but "by far the most common source from which new place names have been derived has always been the recollection of the names of old places at home (p. 190)." Haverhill, Hingham, Dedham, Groton, etc., are "almost unknown to the Britisher, but the very pith and marrow of American life and history (p. 190)." The history of many of our family names, also the practice of giving a "middle" name, will arouse the interest of many readers, while the account of "Yankee" (p. 220), and of "Dixie" (p. 221) will appeal to two important elements in our national community.

Under "Literary Dialects" (pp. 225-273), the difficult problem of the definition of dialect and the rôle of dialects in America is approached, and some of the main dialects which have attained prominence in our literature (New England and Southern) are examined. Professor Krapp discusses American "Style" (pp. 274-327) in a masterly fashion, bracing first the rise of the classic literary school in Connecticut and the transference of the centre of gravity to New York in the time of Irving. The language of folk tradition, oratory, and political literature is analyzed to illustrate the growth and progress of nature, popular style. The two concluding chapters of the first volume are given over to "American spelling" with an interesting account of the activities and influence of Noah Webster, and to "American Dictionaries," including dictionaries of Americanisms.

Pronunciation, wherever given, is indicated in terms of the International Phonetic Alphabet. For this readers are directed to the description of the symbols in volume 2, pp. 11-12. (Specific reference to this should have been given—p. xii of the Preface to Vol. I!)

In the main, the second volume treats of American pronunciation and consequently cannot be conveniently reviewed here in detail; for the study of pronunciation is ultimately the study of a vast mass of details drawn from large variety of sources. For the student, this portion of the work furnishes an admirable supplement to "American Pronunciation," by Professor J. S. Kenyon (1924). For the general reader the arrangement (by sounds) may prove bewildering, but the discussion of the "broad a" (pp. 36 ff.) is recommended to all New Englanders, and for "thoid" for "third," "foist" for "first" see the notes on New York dialect (pp. 185-186).

In his Preface, Professor Krapp raises the question as to whether the time is ripe for the writing of such a history as he has given us here. Language, that wonderful instrument of man, is ever changing; and until the last speaker of English, British or American is dead, no complete picture is possible. Research in public and private records and in our early literature will yield up fresh secrets of the part of our speech, but the reader of Professor Krapp's classic will turn away from it with an understanding knowledge, sympathetic approach, and renewed interest in that branch of the English language which we call ours and in which lies the future vigor and promise of our common mother-tongue—the English language.

M. Léon Daudet, son of the novelist, is primarily a politician and an editor; he is also a prolific writer of fiction and the most picturesque of memorialists. But he has never forgotten that he started life as a physician, and every now and then he reverts to medical studies, especially mental medicine. A few years ago he wrote a study of heredity, "L'Hérédo," now it is a study of dreams, "Le Rêve Eveillé" (Grasset). M. Daudet does not think there is any fundamental difference between night and day dreams. Hence he constantly, and somewhat bafflingly, passes from a refutation of Freud—with him the sexual instinct is replaced by the fear of death—to a study of unconscious or subconscious meditation. The book, rich in psychological data and intuitions, is neither well-arranged nor very well written, and is so poorly edited that an Index has been forgotten.

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Books of Special Interest

Twinkling Jane

JANE TAYLOR, PROSE AND POETRY. With an introduction by F. V. BARRY. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $1.25.

Reviewed by A. HUGH FISHER

WHAT English or American child since her day has not unconsciously known of Jane Taylor through "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" and should we not all be grateful to Miss Florence Barry for this volume of well chosen selections and its critically discerning essay on Jane and her work?

Jane belonged to a genuinely pious family and one in which very hard work was necessary to keep its head above water. Her father was an engraver (had been a friend of Bewick's) as well as pastor of an independent religious congregation, and in Jane's thirteenth year she and her younger sister Ann were taught the use of the burin and worked at engraving all day until eight o'clock of the evening. Though the children were exceedingly alive, playful, and imaginative, it was not till after this hour that any time could be found to indulge their passion for verse making, and even then household duties claimed them. But spontaneity was an essential of Jane's early productions and it is not surprising that, as her sister Ann declared, "a flying thought could be caught even in the midst of work, or a fancy 'pinioned' to a piece of waste paper."

Even Jane's earliest verses are by no means all prattle but have modest felicities of expression as well as kind thoughts and the faculty of "making little fishes talk like little fishes."

Nearly a century before "A Child's Garden of Verses" Jane and her younger sister sang of moon and stars, flowers and creatures, and of children's play, and Miss Barry finds in them "the great-aunts-in-literature" of Robert Louis Stevenson. She might have recalled Stevenson's own essays in engraving (though R. L. S. worked upon wood blocks and not metal plates), and the very Taylorian verses in which he records what we hope rarely happened to the more practised hand of little Jane—

A blemish in the cut appears,
Alas! it cost both blood and tears,
The glancing graver swerved aside,
Fast flowed the artist's vital tide!

It was in 1804 that the first little book of "Original Poems" took the nurseries by storm and a few years later that a second volume forced capitulation even from such trained maturity as that of Sir Walter Scott. What we know of his love of Pet Marjorie might indeed have led us to expect no less appreciation than he expressed to the anonymous authors when he wrote thanking them "for the pleasure he has received in perusing their beautiful poetry."

Miss Barry declares that Jane suffered the fate of those who rate life higher than literature and was hindered by devoted service to family and friends from ever developing her powers. But whether we consider her writings only in relation to her own time or in the vast literary cathedral of Chaucer-to-Elinor-Wylie, their quality is good enough to deserve attention, and the reader is well rewarded by sprightliness of wit, by pathos, and an unusually keen gift of satirical humour.

In "A Century of Children's Books" (Methuen, 1922) Miss Barry has already written upon Jane and Ann Taylor, and it was doubtless her studies for that volume that persuaded her of Jane's worthiness of a separate monograph. Her enthusiasm is never unbalanced and she recognizes Jane's limitations and her tendency to magnify all her little failings into sins. But she appreciates to the full Jane's wit and humor and the difference between her simple realism and that of a materialistic outlook. To Jane Taylor "the life of the spirit was the greatest reality. A thing was real or unreal, according to its intrinsic worth."

In a family of such strong and active religious convictions Jane's life was passed, if not under an ethical shadow at least in the constant presence of moral exhortation and as Miss Barry writes, "The wonder is less that she could hide her bright wit under a didactic cloak than that it escaped so often to pierce the gloom of her doctrine and reconcile youth to her moralizing."

But Jane's seriousness was less fervid than that of her parents, though even theirs did not altogether forbid humorous playfulness. As Miss Barry has elsewhere written: "Laughter crept into the garden under the eye of Caution and Example and, for his coaxing ways, was allowed to stay as a probationer."

One of the best passages in this introductory essay is that in which the writer shows that Jane Taylor, unlike Miss Edgeworth, "who had rationalized the symbols of romance and transformed the Flying Horse of the Arabian Tales into a balloon," had not replaced poetry by science but could look at a garden from two points of view and "understood the difference between poetry and botany."

She was no rebel like Emily Dickinson, yet like Emily, Jane could transport herself in imagination to the side of her dear ones. She writes from Ilfracombe in December, 1813, to her sister Ann about her approaching marriage: "I intend to place myself before the view of the house, about the time I imagine you will be walking down the gravel-walk, and I shall stand there while you art at church and till I think you are coming back again."

As with all selections, those acquainted with the originals are sure to miss some favorites, and I confess to disappointment at the exclusion of such a capital piece as "The Squire's Pew" with that imaginative stanza which pictures the old monument of the Knight and his lady with the little effigies of their numerous offspring

Devoutly kneeling side by side
As though they did intend
For past omissions to atone
By saying endless prayers in stone.

After the series of children's books and her own novel "Display" (a collection of good character sketches without, however, any gift of sustained narrative), Jane contributed for six years under the pseudonym of "Q. Q." a long series of really entertaining short moral tales to *The Youth's Companion*, and it was one of those, republished in the present selection, which inspired Browning's poem "The Star of My God Rephan." Among these no reader can help enjoying the delicious diary of a toad supposed to have been sent from Egypt by the venerable reptile either as a present to the British Museum "or with the more mercantile view of getting it printed in London, in preference to Alexandria, on condition of receiving one per cent on the profits after the sale of the 500th edition "provided the publisher should by that time be at all remunerated for his risk and trouble)."

It is too long for quotation but the stages of gradual awakening are inimitably told up to the time when the diarist

Grew pensive;—discovered that life is a load;
Began to be weary of being a toad.
Was fretful at first, and then shed a few tears"—
Here ends the account of the first thousand years.

Overworked and overworn, Jane very early felt the approach of age and, too ready to accuse herself of laziness, lacked among her friends sufficient insistence on her need of rest and recreation. Her strength gradually ebbed in a long illness bravely borne. Yet with sane judgment her mind continued clear as her heart young and fresh, and her voice of the kind that sweetens homily.

Missions and Houses

THE OLD MISSION CHURCHES AND HISTORIC HOUSES OF CALIFORNIA. Their History, Architecture, Art and Love. By REXFORD NEWCOMB. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1925. $15.

Reviewed by B. H. LEHMAN
University of California

PROFESSOR NEWCOMB'S book, relating one after the other the histories of the two dozen missions, gives one a very vivid account of the pastoral phase of California, on its economic side. The account of the intellectual and spiritual side, on the other hand, is inadequate. Not, as is sometimes implied in the text, because this side did not exist, but because the author, for all he is an architect and dealing in one of the arts, ignores beauty. And beauty in the missions is the record of the intellectual and the spiritual life. Here it is a record unread. There are indeed references to the beautiful: "glorious," "charm," "a very alluring charm." But in the case these are nothing.

The shortcoming is clear to whoever having seen San Juan Capistrano looks on Professor Newcomb's photographs. The ruin offers enchantments greater than the "Corner of Patio" or the "Broken Arches," fine as are the glimpses here given. We have been promised an illustrative study of the effect of climate and light upon surface, depth of wall, ground plan. Yet of neither Capistrano nor San Juan Bautista, for example, is there a photograph indicating how wonderfully the problem of light and shade has been handled. There is in the missions, properly viewed, an architectural evidence of directness, simplicity, and in a soft climate, of rectitude of mind. In the ruined sanctuary of Capistrano the lines and surfaces are a complete guide to a religious mood that lacked intensity (the ardor of that life was all spent on the practical), but was deeply sustained and highly confident.

When he comes to the historic houses of California, Professor Newcomb's preoccupation with history and his refusal to be analytico-architectural throw him headlong into the pseudo-historical and the sentimental. He gives, for instance, many dull details about the Larkin house at Monterey, with an inadequate flowery description of the two-storeyed balcony as a "delightful shelter from the brilliant sunshine." There is not a word about the door of the small house now part of the Johnson estate—looking on the street and so near the main house that it is almost in the photograph. Yet that door—*not* the doorway—has few superiors in Salem, Massachusetts or Florence, Italy. The texture of the old wood confirms the lines in their dignity and simplicity. It is what the door of a little house should be, the invitation to peace and its securer.

The fact is that the author has undertaken to write too many books in one. There is a history of an architectural phase. There is an account of manners and customs (interesting often, banal sometimes, as when the manners are modern: ("While [the passenger to San Juan Capistrano] marvels at the expanse of white walls and red tile roof, the station is announced in that urgent voice that indicates that passengers had best make hurried steps in order to get off the train. The passenger grasps his camera and sketch-pad and by the time he gains the aisle, the decreasing velocity of the train rushes him headlong toward the vestibule). There are fragments of a hiker's travel guide. There is a thesis book, discussed and sometimes approached but not really written, of the influence of this California environment or architecture, with analogues in Mexico, New Mexico, Texas, and old Spain. And there is the unwritten book of beauty, Californian, early, Spanish, lingering in ruins, and revived of late in houses for men and business and schooling.

None the less this large and handsome volume is a beginning. From the thorough summaries of the trials of the mission builders, by earthquake, politics, and incompetence, and from the reconstructions of ground plans arises a picture of busy living that the conventional text can not create. Thence, too, one derives a sense of architectural significance. Sometimes the historical survey gives the architectural details with great neatness, as in the case of the lantern on the church of San Luis Rey. Patio and plaza, thule-thatches, rawhide joint-bindings, cat-tail stems as building material evoke the vanished phase. Photographs and drawings suggest details of charm or austere beauty that may be used again. And for even the weakest reader, the book will dispel the notion that California architecture is indigenously bungaloyd.

A new book of interest to collectors of current Americana is the large paper edition of Charles Moore's "The Family Life of George Washington," containing much material hitherto unused and now gathered to tell the intimate story of Washington's personal life. The book begins with a discussion of the land of the Washingtons; then it considers Washington's education, his early romances, his marriage with the widow Custis, and family life at Mount Vernon. Mr. Moore, head of the Library of Congress, has found much new material of interest and importance.

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GOOD BOOKS

A Letter From France

By Louise Morgan Sill

THE latest sensation is the unheralded appearance of a powerful novel written by a quite unknown new writer, M. Georges Bernanos, who had published nothing previously. This book is called "Sous le Soleil de Satan" (Plon), a title which gives no idea of the character of the story. The critics, accustomed to the average thinnish novel of the day, with its cheap non-morality or expensive immorality, have received the new book like a thunderclap and devoted columns to it; while Frédéric Lefèvre, consummate interviewer, rushed down to the new author's solitary home in the provinces to find out what manner of man he could be with the audacity to write a real book and handle real problems of the human soul unashamed of showing clearly his own faith. A revelation of the supernatural, said one critic, as if the thing had never been done before.

The book opens with a long prologue, the story of Germaine, called Mouchete, a country girl of sixteen involved in an intrigue with a rural marquis, and this is dramatically, remarkably told. The rest of the book, in which the girl reappears merely to furnish material for the argument, deals with the life, the temptations, the development of a poor country curé, Abbé Donissan, made of the stuff of saints. The story is so rich in experience, in spiritual fibre, that it is suspected of being not only M. Bernanos's first but his last production. Time will show. But any modern author capable of introducing the devil in person into a book nowadays, without being ridiculous, as M. Bernanos does when the poor Abbé meets a "black little walker" on the road at night, has power not easily estimated.

Beside this book, M. Joseph Delteil's smartly writen "Les Poilus" (Grasset) loses much of the "epic" character the young author claims for it, and seems clever but frothy. Amusing it is, but not so moving as the writer intended it should be. And his handling of Joffre and some others is an error of taste. Delteil has talent, but it is possible he has not properly digested the praise he received for his "Jeanne d'Arc." In the "Poilus" his last chapter is the most striking. It is entitled "La Paix" and consists of just one word, "Hèlas!"

Pierre MacOrlan's new book "Marguerite de la Nuit" (Grasset) is made up of two stories; the first gives its title to the volume, the second—an absurd fantasy—is called "A l'Hopital Marie-Madeleine." The first story is about a woman of the street who redeems herself by self-sacrifice, but the object of her action is a man of such low nature that the whole affair leaves a bad taste, perhaps contrary to the author's intentions.

Readers of Pierre Benoît's dependable yearly novels of adventure have a surprise in his latest book "Alberte," which is a study of exceptional characters and conditions and not a tale of movement. Alberte is a widow of forty whose young daughter is engaged to a Polish engineer. When, later on, the young Pole meets the mother of his fiancée, he is little by little conquered by her superior charm, and contrives to bring about the death of the girl in an automobile purposely wrecked by himself. The mother, unconscious of the man's crime, becomes his companion, learns later what he has done, and—after he has tired of her—denounces him to justice. They are both arrested. The story is well written and evinces deeper qualities as a novelist than M. Benoît has hitherto shown.

Andrè Maurois's new novel, "Bernard Quesnay" (Nouvelle Revue Française) has just appeared. The protagonists are rival owners of factories in France after the war, a *milieu* which M. Maurois knows well and presents with skill.

Jean Giraudoux's already published novel "Simon le Pathétique" has been reprinted by Grasset. Some readers prefer it to the author's much-talked of "Bella," which came under the heading "difficult to read," and which the present writer found artificial and affected to the last degree.

"Hiver," by Camille Mayran (Grasset), is a curious story of the winter forests of Alsace, where an obscure drama is played out and redeemed by moral values. Jacob Volger, a middle-aged prosperous farmer, loses his first wife, whom he had never really loved, and falls desperately but mutely in love with a mere child whose old grandmother works in his house. Before the first wife's death, this old woman had remarked the furtive admiration of the master of the house for her grandchild. She is ambitious—and the death of the wife follows. The reader understands without being definitely told at first, that young Salomé, under her grandmother's influence, has killed the woman with poisonous mushrooms. Jacob marries Salomé, who dies in childbirth, and the rest of the book is concerned with the gradual comprehension, horror, and vicarious repentance of the solitary man. The story impresses and interests; but though the descriptions are wonderful, and we can fairly hear the icicles cracking in the forest, it must be conceded that there are too many pages of them. Madame Mayran received the French Academy's *Prix du Roman* in 1918. She is a grandniece of Taine, and daughter of ex-Ambassador Saine-René Taillandier. Her mother, also a distinguished writer, has just published "Figures du Passé: La Princesse des Ursins" (Hachette), a vivid, authoritative account of the extraordinary life and influence of Anne-Marie de la Tremóille, who worked hand in hand with Louis XIV to consolidate the throne of Spain, occupied by the King's young grandson, the Duke of Anjou. If a reader were curious to see how an eminent Frenchwoman can be capable of conducting kingly affairs, let him read "La Princesse des Ursins."

Let him read also the "Salon de Mme. Arman de Caillavet" (Hachette), by that lady's daughter-in-law, Madame Maurice Pouquet, which describes the social and literary influence, from the year 1878, of the woman who more than anyone else influenced, even directed in many instances, the work of Anatole France. Her corrections on his manuscripts and proofs speak eloquently enough and are well known. "Without her, we do not know what he would have done, but he would not have done all that we know," says André Bellessort. When France was presented to her by Jules Lemaitre, her first impression was very bad. She liked neither his character nor his manners, but she liked his wit, his delicious letters, in short his genius, and set herself to develop him. Her salon became his headquarters in the world of society, and people came to see and hear the new wonder, who said penetrating and brilliant things without apparently noticing his audience. This volume confirms the much-criticised book on Anatole France by M. Brousson.

M. Elie Faure, whose "History of Art" has been so widely appreciated—"one of the finest essays of our times," said Edmond Jaloux recently—has written another important book with the intriguing title "Montaigne et Ses Trois Premiers-nés." Montaigne's three "first-born" were, according to M. Faure, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Pascal. He shows, definitely, and chronologically, the degree of influence exerted by Montaigne upon Shakespeare—that is, upon one of the poet's many voices; and it is a welcome fact that the poet in question here is not the distorted Shakespeare of so many controversial books, but the radiant one of "legend and reality." M. Faure is equally interesting when he deals with Cervantes, and Pascal.

Poor Balzac! For seventeen years he corresponded with Madame Eve Hanska, the rich, socially superior Polish lady who was in love with his genius; he waited to amass money enough to marry her, and when he did so, found that the dreams of a mature man may be as misleading as those of a younger one. After reading the limited amount of information we possess concerning this lady, somewhat extended by the new book by Charles Léger, "Eve de Balzac" (Le Goupy), the reader wonders anew that genius can be so easily betrayed. Undoubtedly the disappointment existed on both sides. Worn out with unimaginable labor and self-neglect, Balzac's health rapidly declined after the marriage; and when Victor Hugo went to see him, he noted the astonishing fact that his wife was not by the side of the dying man. Other writers have testified against Madame de Balzac, and until further evidence, her case is not a good one.

Hugo's father, the General, eclipsed by his son's fame, has nevertheless been brought forward by M. Louis Barthou in a charming book, "Le Général Hugo: 1773-1828" (Hachette), which justifies the author's researches. It seems that the art of being a grandfather was delightfully practiced by the old general, and in one of his quoted letters he is shown interesting himself with zeal and great good sense in finding the proper wet nurse for Victor's young child. People who have observed in France the practical interest fathers take in their children will not be surprised by these revelations.

M. Barthou—as indefatigable a writer as M. Henry Bordeaux—has also produced another book entitled "Rachel" (Alcan), which again teems with revelations—certainly surprising to many readers—upon the character of the great tragic actress. Rachel was born in Mumph, a Swiss village, in the Sun Inn, where her parents were staying temporarily. Her father was a peddler of Metz, and her mother was born in Bohemia. It was not until 1831 that they came to Paris. Absorbingly interesting is the account of the gifted child's development into the great tragedienne of her time. But it seems that the austere impression which most people associate with this slim, pale, tragic young creature must be foregone. She was quite otherwise.

Readers who have difficulty in comprehending the work of Claudel can now begin with a volume just published by E. Sainte-Marie Perrin (Bloud et Gay), entitled "Introduction à l'Œuvre de Paul Claudel," which will simplify their study. Madame Perrin admits that there is a large public which knows nothing of this French poet, but his name and the fact that he is Ambassador to Japan, and that many who have read some of his dramas and poems confess to difficulty in understanding them. Madame Perrin's book is enlightening: it is not a critique but an elucidation of Claudel.

Plon has brought out the "Correspondence: 1907-1914" between Claudel, and the late Jacques Rivière (author, and editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*), dealing with the religious trouble and desires of the younger man whom Claudel endeavored to help in a correspondence full of spiritual significance. A valuable human document.

Longworth Chambrun, who is Clara Longworth de Chambrun, wife of the Count and General of that historic name, has written a documented and fascinating book on "Shakespeare, Acteur-Poète" (Plon), for which readers who have not followed all the new discoveries regarding her subject will be grateful. Writing in lucid and elegant French, Madame de Chambrun, after years of study and investigation, presents the Shakespeare story with clarity and a disciplined enthusiasm—and an impressive bibliography. There is a frontispiece of the "Garrick Bust" of Shakespeare.

Pastime

LES JEUX DANGEREUX. By Henri Bordeaux. Paris: Plon-Nourrit. New York: Brentanos. 1926.

IN "Les Jeux Dangereux" it is the little town of Mürren, Switzerland, that attracts the much-traveled and prolific Henri Bordeaux. The snows of the Jungfrau are indeed far removed from the sunny vales of Lebanon where Yamilé loved and died, and a great psychologic distance separates the hearty robust English tourists with their bobsleighs and skates from the impasioned sons of the Orient on whose merits Bordeaux attained the highest honors of the *Académie*. Nevertheless "Les Jeux Dangereux" is a genuinely delightful novel that might profitably tempt any American publisher for the charm of the characters and the shimmering vividness of the local color. The title is derived from Nietzsche; woman is the dangerous pastime. But the novel is far from the serious business the title would imply. The dangerous element, far from woman, is the innocently mischievous Oxford professor, Brian Daffodil, with his informal lectures and the way he has of "absolving, aye, of congratulating sinners." It is he who causes havoc in that colony of English sport-seekers, and not the "bébé incassable" of Claire de Maur, ostensibly "le jouet dangereux."

Gilbert Murray will arrive from England in the Fall to lecture on the Charles Eliot Norton foundation at Harvard. The death this past month of Professor Norton's sister, Grace Norton, has been severely felt. A woman of keen intellect and scholarly aptitudes, Miss Norton occupied a unique place in the literary life of Boston. Her personality stamped itself vigorously upon her immediate environment, and her work as a student and editor of Montaigne effected the permanent enrichment of scholarship.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Art

NEW CHAPTERS IN GREEK ART. By *Percy Gardner*. Oxford University Press. $7.

ART FOR AMATEURS AND STHDENT. By *George J. Cox*. Doubleday, Page.

MAYO ARCHITECTURE. By *George Oakley Totten*. Washington, D. C. Maya Press.

ART THROUGH THE AGES. By *Helen Gardner*. Harcourt, Brace.

ART STUDIES. Mediæveal Renaissance and Modern. Edited by Members of the Departments of Fine Arts at Harvard and Princeton Universities.

Belles Lettres

THE ANATOMY OF TOBACCO. By ARTHUR MACHEN. Knopf. 1926. $2.

"The Anatomy of Tobacco: or Smoking Methodized, Divided, and Considered After a New Fashion: By Leolinis Silwriensis, Professor of Fumifical Philosophy in the University of Brentford," is, no doubt, the composition referred to in "Far Off Things," when Mr. Machen tells of his earliest struggles with life and literature. Brentford is one of the older and less prosperous suburbs of London, and Mr. Machen wrote his treatise in a boarding-house bedroom there in 1884, his twentieth year. In the preface to this reprint he confesses that it is "as bad a little book as may be," and there is nothing for it but to agree with him. His voice, with its faint reverberations of Burton, Rabelais, and Carlyle, sounds quaintly from the other side of the 'nineties. But the book is actually a very creditable production for a boy of twenty in spite of its ponderous affectations and creaking allusions. The fact that Mr. Machen has allowed it to be reprinted is not so creditable, and we confess ourselves a little weary of his skilful but maundering self-compassion of which there is one more sickly potion in the introduction. Mr. Knopf has produced the book in such a way as will rejoice the hearts of the collectors.

ENGLAND AND THE WORLD: Esseys arranged and edited by F. S. MARVIN. Oxford University Press. 1925. $3.50.

There will be very little disagreement with the underlying thesis of this seventh volume of the Unity series. "That the history taught to all the nations of the world should have an international as well as a national bearing" seems axiomatic. Surely no country lends itself more readily to the demonstration of such a principle than does England. From the dolmens to the League of Nations the international position of England is indisputable.

Of the dozen essays which constitute the volume, several are really superb, notably Britain and the Roman Empire by R. G. Collingwood, the two papers rather prosaically entitled The Sixteenth Century and The Seventeenth Century by Professor A. J. Grant, and the two devoted to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by Dr. G. P. Gooch. These gentlemen are informed; their interpretations of the subject in hand, always sane and frequently suggestive, deserve and will repay careful attention. On the whole they do not "point with pride," the besetting sin of the remainder of the volume, to be found even in the introductory paper on The First Civilization of England. The ten pages on The Middle Ages, by Dr. A. J. Carlyle, are entirely inadequate, though not without considerable value; the chapter on England and the Building of the New World by Miss L. M. Penson is well-written and in touch with much new material.

The futility of the last four essays is progressive. Professor Dodwell seems ever on the defensive in his study of England in the East. Mr. F. S. Marvin, the editor of the series, makes even rougher weather of his England and the Backward Races and his England and the League of Nations. He substitutes the word "trusteeship" for the outworn phrases "white man's burden" and "manifest destiny." He resurrects the mythical grand design of Henry IV in order to give a respectable genealogy to the idea of balance of power "so far as it was a true motive in 1914;" he asserts that the participation of England and America (meaning presumably the United States) in the World War "assumed the character rather of a vindication of international right than of the preservation of the balance of power, though the latter motive no doubt also entered into the case." "The League of Nations," he continues, "exists to generalize the peaceful progress which is the characteristic of English history."

The concluding paper, entitled The Child's Approach to Internationalism, contains striking and useful suggestions of a practical nature, but it has the flavor of the Chatauqua circuit. "Remains of gold," "this noble educational task," "the social soul of England," and similar phrases put us on our guard, but we are hardly prepared for the worst that is before us. "Whosoever cannot assume the mental attitude of children before the age of fourteen can never be an educator:—the teacher of tomorrow will make all history dramatic and inspiring."

Drama

YOUNG WOODLEY. By JOHN VAN DRUTEN. Simon & Schuster. 1926. $1.75.

Mr. Van Druten's skilfully written little play, like the much superior "Fata Morgana," deals with calf-love and its disillusion. He gives a very one-sided and therefore very falsified picture of English public-school life. Since Mr. Alec Waugh set the fashion in his "Loom of Youth" in early war days more than one clever young man attempting literature has tried to persuade the world that the English public schoolboy is only interested in three things, poetry, games, and sex. But Mr. Van Druten must know in his heart that this is not a fact, that his story is not only farfetched, but, in many respects grossly improbable. Young Woodley falls in love with the wife of his housemaster who encourages him to kiss her. They are caught in the act by her husband who is not a character in a play so much as a composite of all the unpleasant traits of the conventional housemaster of fiction. After various complications Woodley is expelled for a misdemeanor with one of the local shop-girls. We are given to understand that the "bloods" of the English public school carry on such promiscuous relationships, and, also, that their minds would compare creditably with the less salubrious parts of Rabelais. Literary reaction is inevitable, but what was lost on the swings of Dean Farrar's "Eric" and "St. Winifreds" is amply compensated for by the gains in "Young Woodley." All this need not obscure the very real cleverness of the author's handling of a difficult subject.

Fiction

MAJOR DANE'S GARDEN. By M. F. PERHAM. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.50.

British Somaliland, a seldom depicted quarter of England's vast African suburbs, is the scene of this intensely dramatic and rugged story. Primarily, the plot is built upon the bitter rivalry existing between Major Dane, a district commissioner, and Colonel Cavell, tyrannical commander of a native regiment whose duty is to maintain peace throughout certain regions of the Protectorate. The clash of the two men's policies, the one's benevolent and idealistic, the other's ruthlessly stubborn and militaristic, establishes the early achievement of a fascinating, never relaxed grip upon the reader's interest. Soundly written, vivid and convincing, obviously by a man who knows intimately the land of which he writes, this story deserves the extensive reading it will never receive.

THE DICE OF GOD. By CYNTHIA STOCKLEY. Putnam. 1926. $1.50.

Miss Stockley's latest novel, or more properly novelette, has not an ounce of merit and comes perilously near to burlesquing itself. It is short enough to be unconsciously amusing, made up as it is of naive, threadbare, and incredible hokum seldom offered nowadays by even our worst novelists. The setting is Africa, with which Miss Stockley is undoubtedly familiar, and which is the one thing to her credit. The story has a hero and a heroine, and a villain, and a villainess. It would be foolish to treat "The Dice of God" with serious critical scorn; it is simply a *reductio ad absurdum* of a certain school of fiction.

THE SILVER FOREST. By BEN AMES WILLIAMS. Dutton. 1926. $2.

The extremely baffling primary event of Mr. Williams's mystery novel holds one's attention absorbingly until clearing-up time comes and then, due to the feebleness of the dénoûement, the story peters out miserably. The scene is an isolated Maine sporting camp where, in the company of his wife, five guests, and four woodsmen, the owner is briefly sojourning with deer as the objective. One of the party, the host's brother-in-law, self-invited, and a tactless buffoon detested by them all, is found murdered by a rifle bullet soon after their arrival. Since it is incontestably evident that only one or another of the six surviving people who have occupied the main cabin with him, though all are apparently innocent, is guilty of the crime, the situation is intense with over-wrought hostility and suspicion. A three days' blizzard, cutting off communication with the outer world, further complicates the problem of the tragedy. Everything progresses beautifully to the point where the unknown culprit's identity must be revealed, but thereafter, well, it is sorely disappointing to see a first-rate "thriller" fall down so hard.

THE TERRIBLE PEOPLE. By EDGAR WALLACE. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

Edgar Wallace, though he produces mystery novels with greater frequency, than virtually any other practitioner, seldom registers a failure. His present story deserves to rank with the very best he has done, which is tantamount to saying that no detective tale we have read this year is superior to it. The plot is too intricate a structure for brief analysis, but in sheer ingenuity, in startling turns of action, in constant general effectiveness, the book, among "thrillers," is a brilliant gem.

PUNISHMENT. By LAWRENCE HIGHLAND. Four Seas. 1925. $2.

Readers who are partial to gloomy books should not overlook this serious, powerful, and impressive contribution to the field of melancholy fiction. Bernard, the younger son of a distinguished Louisiana Creole family, is the figure whose misfortunes we follow from his sixth to his nineteenth year. As an orphaned child he is placed under the strict guardianship of his brother, Marie, twenty-four years Bernard's senior. Thence onward, the story is that of the impulsive, rebellious boy's constant infraction of Marie's harsh discipline. Finally running away, Bernard suffers an even more poignant experience in attempting to earn his living as a laborer. Apprehended for stealing an automobile, he is sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. The real punishment, more dire than any Bernard has hitherto known, then begins. This is a noteworthy book, and by a newcomer whose work hereafter we shall anticipate with confidence and pleasure.

THE PAINTED STALLION. By HAL. G. EVARTS. Little, Brown. 1926. $1.75.

The stallion, "White Blanket," a peerless wild mustang, is the coveted quarry sought by Texan ranchers whose range has been over-run and damaged by great herds of his untamed roaming fellows. But the splendid horse is secondary in importance to young Reese Conway, the story of his gallant duel with unscrupulous adversaries, his winning of a solid foothold against heavy odds, his romance with the daughter of his powerful, finally reconciled, foe. It is a good, entertaining tale of its kind, not up to the standard set by Mr. Evarts last year in his highly meritorious "Spanish Acres," though far better and shorter than the lowly "Western" majority.

WHELPS OF THE WIND. By RUFUS KING. Doran. 1926. $2.

A mongrel dog and his vagrant master, an innocent fugitive from the law, are the heroes of this rather commonplace, but continually exciting, romance of "Texas Down by the Rio Grande." The fast-moving action is enlivened by the hunted man's repeated escapes from his persecutors, murders, gun-fights, robberies, and similar deeds of violence. Lonely little Jennie loves big-hearted Jim at sight, and when we leave them, not reluctantly, they are happy. Need more be told?

SIMONETTA PERKINS. By L. P. HARTLEY. Putnam. 1926. $2.

Venice—a handsome gondolier—a repressed Boston blue-stocking—a sick mother—here are the spices which L. P. Hartley proffers in a delectable *hors d'œuvres*, on a fragile bit of glass straight from the works at Murano. It is a dish for the sophisticated, but serves only to whet the appetite; courses more substantial must follow.

"Simonetta"—but that was, of course, not her name—knows that one does not come to Venice to ride in a gondola, or to hear a rasping baritone bellow the Toreador Song from a swaying barge full of tilting lanterns, especially when one's mother keeps to her bed with a headache.

Emilio, for his part, knows the penalty of disobeying the American command. It matters little whether it be an impassioned,

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

strongly-accented *Ti amo,* or an equally violent *Torniamo subito al hotel*—both of which he hears, within short interval, from the treacherous lips of the genteel "Miss Perkins."

THE VENGEANCE OF HURRICANE WILLIAMS. By GORDON YOUNG. Doran. 1926. $2.

Williams is that imperishable, old-fashioned figure beloved by penny-dreadful romancers—the stalwart sea captain of black-birding and piracy days in the Solomon and other savage islands of the south Pacific. He is the indomitable master of his soul and ship, but lives under the cloud of having been lawfully hanged and declared legally dead for a crime of which, though proven guilty, he is innocent. Life, law, and enemies have cruelly wronged him, and he fights back lustily, supported by a crew of doughty henchmen. In the struggle with his vindictive foes, he is ever upright, infallible, all-conquering to an almost fabulous degree. Gore floods the decks of the combatting ships (his own and those of his persecutors) in a ceaseless deluge, myriad heads and limbs are broken, severed, or shattered, every species of primitive violence being turned on in the author's endeavor to make the tale go. Somehow, for ourselves, the story fails to approach remotely Mr. Young's immensely better "Seibert of the Island," and "Days of '49."

THE BEST LOVE STORIES OF 1925. Edited by MURIEL MILLER HUMPHREY. Small, Maynard. 1926. $2.

The twenty short stories here gathered into a volume seem to represent most of the faults and merits which are evident in native periodical fiction today. They are strong in sentiment and technique, mendacious in their reflections of life, barren of originality and ideas, superficially clever and interesting, reliant upon incident and surface impressions rather than upon the profundities of character and emotions—in a word, with rare exceptions, they are perfect examples of pretentious mediocrity. Of course they are uniform in being passably written and neatly constructed (not very unusual qualities), and though the authors are masculine and feminine in about even numbers, all but three of the stories are very ladylike indeed.

The majority have the suggestion of made-to-order fiction designed to fit the requirements of the publications in which they appeared. None of them, since they keep strictly within the limits of the obvious, arouse any imaginative activity in the reader, few of them slop over with mush, and all are what is broadly termed "wholesome." Several of the writers are new ones to us, but in the main such widely-known names as Zona Gale, Ben Hecht, Barry Benefield, May Edington, Mary Heaton Vorse, Stephen French Whitman, Mildred Cram, and Chester T. Crowell preponderate.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING. By IDWAL JONES. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

Respect for Mr. Jones's craftsmanship and impatience with his dulness in telling a story which demands swift pace and vivid incident, are the mingled reactions derived from "The Splendid Shilling." Its minor qualities are uniformly good, but its major element—the story itself—is poor; and every one knows that in novels of adventure, if weaknesses must exist, they should exist the other way round. "The Splendid Shilling" is, roughly, a picaresque novel of the fifties, the story of Guy Puncheon, half-gypsy, of his boyhood in Wales and afterwards his wanderings at sea and in California to find his boyhood sweetheart. Thus its series of episodes is unified by means of his romantic quest, which ends in a success that becomes ironic failure. Mr. Jone knows his period, his gypsies, his California; he writes well, perhaps a little too well, for his style is not only a trifle too measured and ornate, but also a great deal of a hindrance to the flow of the story. Many of his characters have a touch of strength and vividness, and less improbability than most characters in novels of this kind; and he has a predilection for mad people. But Mr. Jones is not essentially a romancer, and his talents seem miscast; he is rather, on a low but unmistakable plane, an artist. His delight in words and close attention to period would be better served in historical studies where color and detail are more important than action.

GIRL OR BOY. By JOHN NORTH. Small, Maynard. 1926. $2.

Mr. North, who here presents his first novel, a fantastic, broadly humorous satire on modern gullibility, seems to have made a nearly perfect score. The motive of his story derives from the revolt of the turning worm, in this instance the worm being David Crump, a downtrodden London clerk approaching middle-age who, on losing his job, is visited by an inspiration of tremendous import. Following its lead, he goes to Paris, hires an assistant conspirator, invests his savings in the trappings of the rôle he assumes and returns to London a transformed, unrecognizable man. The press "falls" at once for his world-shaking announcement that he has mastered the means of bringing motherhood to unfruitful wives and of predetermining the sex of their unborn children. For nine months he is an unparalleled sensation—his dupes flocking to him with fees that net him a fortune—then, of course, the bubble bursts and his spell is over. But it is a great time for Crump and the reader while the hoax lasts. The book seems to us a capital production from beginning to end.

IN THE PALACE OF AMUHIA. By FLORENCE WILLINGHAM PICKARD. Doran. 1926. $2.

A Biblical story of Babylon during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar and the captivity of the Hebrews, this novel seems to possess slight interest for the average fiction reader. The prophet Daniel, guardian of his exiled people's destiny, as councillor to the King and Queen Amuhia, is the central figure of the tale. The miracles are not too numerous or heavily stressed, being confined to that of the "Fiery Furnace," dream interpretations, and the handwriting on the wall, but this virtue is completely overbalanced by the fearful "gift of gab" manifested by many of the characters.

PROUD REVELRY. By AMBER LEE. Seltzer. 1926. $2.

Between the crude autobiographical novels by young men not long out of college, with their vivid moments and their basic honesty breaking through a coating of innocent affectation, and such a smooth pandering to risqué tastes as "Proud Revelry," one does not hesitate to choose the former. "Proud Revelry" cannot be curtly dismissed as a bad novel, or quite dismissed as an insidious one; but a worthless handling of hollow material, devoid of artistic merit or integrity, it certainly is. Miss Lee's Anthony Sherrad is introduced at seventeen and pursues an amorous career with one girl after another, girls named Evadne or Candace, and none of them the least bit real or interesting. The end of the book, with cheap cynicism, shows him deserted by his wife and flying into the arms of a courtesan. Miss Lee has not created a personality, and still less has she expressed life, even in terms of the jazz age. She has simply hustled her hero through half-a-dozen episodes with women, to please people who like so rapid a pace, who like spiciness and *le higlif*, and who think pretty and facile descriptions give an artistic slant to the novels of their choice.

TOPPER: AN IMPROBABLE ADVENTURE. By THORNE SMITH. McBride. 1926. $2.

The combination of the strictly suburban Cosmo Topper with a group of persons from another world who succeed in leading him very far astray was a happy inspiration on the part of Mr. Thorne Smith, the author of this amusing book. It contains, besides a devastating picture of Topper's respectable home life, two engaging figures in the flapper-ghost and the dog, Oscar, who is also a spirit, though in a somewhat unusual way. Mr. Smith's methods are not always subtle, but they are frequently very funny. He has something of the insane instinct for making the impossible seem diverting rather than absurd, which has made P. G. Wodehouse famous, and he preserves something of that author's delightful atmosphere in this story, thoroughly American as it is in substance. If you are looking for the sort of humor that will neither weigh on one's satiric sense during reading, nor stay fixed in the mind afterwards, you will appreciate the thoroughly workmanlike antics of the people in this book. Unsubstantial as many of them are by nature, they are thoroughly alive as entertainers.

THE VALLEY OF THE STARS. By CHARLES ALDEN SELTZER. Century. 1926. $2.

If more tales of the wild and woolly attained the all-round excellence of Mr. Seltzer's, the lowly position which the "Western" occupies in the realm of adventure fiction should be conspicuously improved. He writes persuasively and well, employing the "muffler" skilfully when the palpably nonsensical is introduced, and handling his materials with unerring consciousness of the effects he desires to produce upon his reader. The story concerns a snobbish miss who journeys from civilization to a ranch in the open spaces, there to take up her residence as the hereditary half-owner of the property. The eternal he-man, her reluctantly accepted partner, enters soon upon the scene, while sundry desperadoes and their murderous conniving unite to menace the security of the courageous pair.

International

THE BLIGHT OF ASIA. By GEORGE HORTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $3.50.

For Mr. Horton the blight of Asia is the Turk, unchangeable and irredeemable. Murder and lust are the wellsprings of Turkish action. Kemal and his hordes are carrying on the ancient warfare of the days of the Crusades while they lull Christendom with lying promises of reform and tempting oil concessions.

Such is the main thesis of a man who for thirty years lived among them and had official and private dealings with them. With invective, diatribe, and poetic malediction he curses them. In horrible detail he describes the fiendish cruelty with which they burned Smyrna and looted, raped, and slaughtered their way through the Christian quarter. Christendom, represented by a powerful fleet, looked on—and stayed its hand.

A sincere Christian, the author has nothing but contempt for the missionaries who have accepted the conditions laid down by the Turks for the continuation of their work. This he says is nothing less than a renunciation of the whole teaching of Christ. The only honest way for them to solicit funds in this country is to say frankly: "We want money to help educate young Turks so that they may become better Moslems." The conversion of a Moslem youth means death for the convert and the prompt suppression of the school where he was converted.

The book is not pleasant reading, though it will bring new courage to those who oppose the ratification of the Treaty of Lausanne. It will fortify them in their conviction that the Turk should be outlawed by the nations. But it will not help them to resolve their major dilemma: how is outlawing them going to better matters?

THE ETHICS OF BUDDHISM. By S. TACHIBANA. Oxford University Press. 1926. $5.

This work is the enlarged and completed form of a doctor-thesis accepted by the University of Oxford in 1922. Since that date two books on the ethics of India have been published, but the author does not appear to have seen them. His book in thesis-form was entitled "Ethics of Pàli Buddhism" and it is a pity that he did not retain this title. It would have prevented him from making the statement that bloodshed was incompatible with Buddhism. This is true of primitive Buddhism, but Japanese Buddhism was full of military zeal and did not hesitate to indulge in bloodshed. From the broader outlook of Buddhism in general there is also much to be modified or changed altogether in what the author says of celibacy and chastity. The Buddhists of Tibet and China have changed the practice and even the rules of primitive Buddhism. But as a presentation of primitive Buddhistic ethics the present study is to be commended. It shows the practical moral rules of the early Congregation and does not attempt "to abstract its moral idea and philosophize it." The original teachings (attributed to the Buddha) in regard to abstinence, patience, benevolence, veracity, etc., are given under each head with ample illustrations, the arrangement of matter being the author's and not in accordance with the Buddhist classification. This is just as well, although it leads to a good deal of repetition, which, together with the somewhat naïve remarks of the author regarding the beauty and advantage of each of the virtues enumerated, lends an air of

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1924. By *Arnold J. Toynbee.* Oxford University Press. $8.50.

WHITHER RUSSIA. By *Leon Trotsky.* International Publishers. $1.50.

GOVERNMENTAL METHODS OF ADJUSTING LABOR DISPUTES. By *Ting Tso Ko.* Longmans, Green.

THE ADVANCING SOUTH. By *Edwin Mims.* Doubleday, Page. $3 net.

HOW BRITAIN IS GOVERNED. By *Kate Rosenberg.* People's Institute. $1.

EUROPE'S NEW MAP. By *F. J. Adkins.* People's Institute. $1.

INTERNATIONAL ANARCHY. By *G. Lowes Dickinson.* Century.

ESSAYS ON NATIONALISM. By *Carlton J. H. Hayes.* Macmillan. $3.

Miscellaneous

TWENTIETH CENTURY ADVERTISING. By GEORGE FRENCH. Van Nostrand. 1926. $6.

ADVERTISING: ITS PROBLEMS AND METHODS. By JOHN H. COVER. Appleton. 1926. $3.

These two recent books on advertising are quite different. One is an appraisal of the progress of advertising in the last twenty-five years, the constructive years, and the other an addition to the already long list of textbooks, telling how it is done. Of the two, George French's book is the more interesting, and is undoubtedly intended for the reader with an intelligent curiosity about advertising, rather than a desire to practice it. It is a history of the more striking aspects of advertising. Here he will find the names of such pioneers as George P. Rowell, and Thomas Balmer, the origin of such organizations as the Advertising Clubs of the World, the Better Business Bureau, the Audit Bureau of Circulations, and the Association of Advertising Agents (which is now being prosecuted by the Federal Trade Commission for conspiracy in restraint of trade), a brief history of each kind of advertising, such as retail, mail order, technical, outdoor, and descriptions of the various groups of mediums. It is all very interesting reading, for its author has long been an interested spectator of the development of this new adjunct of business, at once its closest friend and severest critic. The book will stand long as a reference book, and a much needed one, as the status of advertising as a subject has not received much consideration, compared with books on its technical practice, of which Professor Cover's is an excellent example.

Professor Cover, who teaches business subjects at Denver University, has written a clear, readable, and sound book on the practice of advertising, wisely devoting most of his space to the subject of copy, which is, after all, the important part of the work. Like all whose relation to advertising is by teaching rather than practice, he is a little inclined toward theory, as, for instance, in the weight he gives to psychological tests tried out on small bodies of students. He also unduly emphasizes the excess profits tax as a motive to advertise. What will there be to support advertising if that tax is ever repealed? The book is especially to be commended for its style. It is one of the easiest to read that has appeared in a long time. The introductory chapter on Market Analysis as a Basis for Advertising, by Percival White, who is the author of several books on the same subject, is a brief but comprehensive description of the essential outline of the means and necessity of such work.

GARDEN-MAKING. By ELSA REHMANN. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $3.50.

Miss Rehmann has written a notable book on gardening. Even the Introduction, "Garden-Making as a Fine Art," is a remarkable bit of writing in its broad understanding and presenting of the place of gardening among its sister arts. The book itself consists of nineteen short chapters on the various aspects of garden creation, beginning with a charming disquisition on "The Simplest Kind of Garden." "What can this be?" thinks the reader. "The simplest kind of garden is a flower-bordered path. Its simplicity lies in the singleness of its purpose and in the directness of its composition."

In the same manner as this—and could there be a better?—does Miss Rehmann take up and thoughtfully and agreeably discuss such subjects as The Round Garden, The Seat as an Element in Garden Design, The Statue as an Interpretation of the Garden Spirit, Fragrance as a Factor in Garden Design, Color as a Factor in Garden Design. In each chapter the writer presses her point with force, yet with a dignity and grace of style that suitably clothe this fascinating subject of the garden. The author's warmth of feeling for her art, her enjoyment of all that she does in planning and planting gardens, are felt on every page. And everywhere there is high help for the gardener, help in the principles of design, in the reasons for a given plan, but especially help in flower-arrangement in the garden with regard to placing, color, and succession of bloom.

Mrs. Perrett's short supplementary chapters also show a strong appreciation of color in the garden. Among her photographs are some of unusual beauty and one, opposite page 53, superbly illustrates the sculptural value of foliage.

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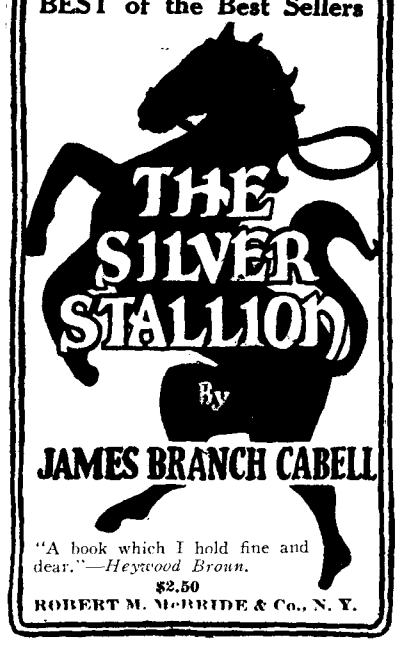

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

MANTRAP. By *Sinclair Lewis* (Harcourt, Brace).

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST. By *Oswald Spengler* (Knopf).

ULYSSES. By *Frank Jewett Mather* (Holt).

W. H., New York City, preparing a thesis, asks for at least ten recent novels dealing with New York City.

CANDOR rather than local pride forces me to admit that I believe the most appropriate method of presenting New York in fiction is at the moment—the city changes momentarily—that taken by John Dos Passos in "Manhattan Transfer" (Harpers). This book is as nearly as may be a Pathé news film. The very title calls to the mind of anyone using local means of transportation a place where everyone is going somewhere and nobody stays, a perpetual tangent, a centre of hurried exchanges. It is not the native's New York, rather the city as it would strike a somewhat frightened foreigner, acclimated but not at home. "Cover Charge," by Cornell Woolrich (Boni & Liveright), uses the same flash and dash manner for the night life of the town, with the title again giving the program—the price paid for the privilege of paying a great deal more. In "The Shoals of Honor," by Elizabeth Sanxay Holding (Dutton), life is on much the same level, with the center of interest in a handsome hanger-on, a little brother of the rich who manages before the last page to grasp the slippery tail of his own soul before it slides out of reach. The leading man of John Wiley's "Triumph" (Minton, Balch), is another beautiful auxiliary to the life of ladies; thoroughly at home in New York, he marries a New England conscience and tries to make it over to fit Broadway. Now guess what the title means. (No, it does not.) This city is to most of the United States the place where you can go to a different theatre every night for as long as you stay: Thyra Sampter Winslow brings her show-girl lore in a brilliant new novel of the stage, "Show Business" (Knopf), and so does Louise Closser Hale in "Home Talent" (Holt). The artists' colony of Greenwich Village and environs figures in "Alison Vail," by Elizabeth Newport Hepburn (Holt), a novel about sober, genuine artists, not the local sideshows: here at last, probably because we have here working-people, we begin to get a sense of love for the place, of affection for the trees of Washington Square, the vistas of lower Fifth Avenue. The city takes part in the life of these people. In "The Chicken-Wagon Family," by Barry Benefield (Century), it opens its arms to a group of wanderers from afar off and shelters them in an abandoned firehouse; the tale is sufficiently fantastic but the newspaper life in it is serious enough. So in another joyous fantasia, the most uproarious New York novel of the season, "Friends of Mr. Sweeney," by Elmer Davis (McBride), the parts that deal with editing a journal of opinion are taken with strict realism. This book for all its gaiety has a solid psychological base, and in some ways it is a key to the city.

As soon as the hero of Charles Norris's "Pig Iron" (Dutton) reaches a certain eminence in his business career, he comes of course to New York, and the background of a good part of this important novel is the city as seen by him and his kind. The city of hardworking women, Mr. Norris gave us in "Bread" (Dutton), first in Harlem walk-ups before the War, then in present-day circles frequented by the highly-paid: this is the best view of the American city-woman's life at work that I know, better even than Sinclair Lewis's "The Job" (Harcourt, Brace), because wider in scope. The most tragic novel about life as it may be lived in and near this city seems to me F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby" (Scribner), and the first story in his new collection, "All the Sad Young Men" (Scribner), seems a preliminary study for it. I do not know if Mr. Fitzgerald wrote with a moral intention, but he certainly produces a moral effect. "Monstrous dinosaurs carried these people in their mouths," you meditate, "and now look at the darn things," and being launched upon meditation, come to the depressing truth that they are what they are not in spite of money and power, but because of these. The city in Arthur Train's "The Blind Goddess" (Scribners), is that of criminal courts, of lawyers, justice and its miscarriages, especially the latter, and of the alliances of all these with local politics.

In scarce any of these novels the city appears through rose-spectacles of affection, even for a brief period. No, for such tenderness as James Bone shows for his city in "The London Perambulator" (Knopf), or E. V. Lucas in "A Wanderer in London" (Macmillan), one must look to Mabel Osgood Wright's "My New York" (Macmillan), which is not a novel but a personal record, for the most part of life in the seventies and eighties. There are thousands in this city to whom this book would be a treasure; it brings to life one of those buried cities that lie, layer upon layer, upon Manhattan Island. They need not be so old, these cities, to be historic; there is little enough left of Mrs. Osgood's town though many of its inhabitants still do business on the site. The tourist's crowded emotions give piquancy to a small and stimulating guide, "New York in Seven Days," by Dayton and Barratt (McBride), describing the sights, shops, shows, and restaurants loved by the outlander. And I must crowd in, because it is the only book to develop one of the most distinctive features of life here, Konrad Berkovici's "Around the World in New York" (Century), a series of intimate studies of life in our foreign districts; if not a novel, it is material far more than one.

Should there be a similar thesis brewing for Chicago, be sure to get Louise De Koven Bowen's "Growing Up with a City" (Macmillan), an autobiography with uproarious reports from Chicago's Age of Innocence, and from the years when it was being uplifted by determined and high-handed philanthropy.

E. C. N., who keeps a book-shop in Stamford, Conn., finds that some of the best collections of poetry for children are scorned by young people of high school age, boys especially. "Long-legged boys who have begun to shave" refuse to take home 'Rainbow Gold,' 'This Singing World,' 'The Listening Child,' 'The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Young People,' 'Thousand Poems for Children,' 'Come Hither,' 'Recitations Old and New for Boys and Girls,' and call for something more like Dana's 'Household Book of Poetry,' and 'The Home Book of Verse,' but smaller and less expensive." The point is that the book desired must be without the fatal suggestion of juvenility.

THERE is no point in reminding these customers that every one of the books named above is a collection that I have found fit to float my middle-aged mind. With the situation E. C. N. faces there is no argument: I am so glad that they will read poetry at all, even to the point of buying it, that I am happy to coöperate in seeing that they get what they want. "Poems for Youth," edited by William Rose Benét (Dutton), may have been prepared with just this audience in mind; at any rate it does suit the exacting adolescent. There are introductory notes to supply a personal element welcomed at this time of life, and the poets chosen are of the new dispensation. There has lately appeared a large but not too expensive collection called "Magic Casements" (Macmillan), compiled by two high school teachers and intended for reading by young people of this age; the range is wide and the book would be welcomed in a family library. "The Boys' Book of Verse," compiled by Helen Dean Fish (Stokes), was made as it were to order from the demands of growing boys, who in these matters freely make known their likes and dislikes: it is a spirited collection, and so is "The Book of Story Poems," edited by Walter Jerrold (Stokes).

S. W., New York, wishes a book on home care of the sick to go with a family to the country in case of emergencies.

"SIMPLIFIED NURSING," by Florence Dakin (Lippincott), is as good for the home student as it is for a text-book, and the mother of a large and ambitious family will find it a treasure.

(*Continued on next page*)

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION MEMBER ABA REMEMBER THEM WITH BOOKS

Another Book City

May some author (Mr. Morley, please note) soon write a "Browsing Guide" and direct the steps of members of both the literati and illiterati to the many bookshops and book departments that await exploration. No matter how well-known a bookseller may be, each individual visiting the establishment for the first time is breaking his own trail, but a guide would not be out of order as it would at least enable the tyro to get started in the right direction. And there are many persons among the uninitiated. A personal canvas has convinced me that even the regular book buyers are unacquainted with the bookpeople in their own localities.

* * * *

Cleveland, Ohio, might well be called a good book city. There is there that extremely likeable person Harry Korner of Korner and Woods. Mr. Korner is the "guardian, guide and friend" of many Clevelanders. Once convinced of the worth of any book he telephones his friends (they do not feel that they are patrons, clients or customers) that he is sending them a copy. An instinct for knowing what people like makes this possible, but even though this makes it unnecessary for them to go to the shop for many of their books they often drop in, because the Korner and Woods store is one of the best-looking places in the country—and Harry Korner can't talk to them on the telephone as long as they'd like.

* * * *

And then there is Burrows Brothers, operating several stores and circulating library branches in the same city. Through a very interesting series of advertisements the people of Cleveland are told of the books which Mr. C. K. Jackson sees are always ready for them. A large organization this, but its size does not detract from its "bookishness." Here one finds that a good business organization may be a good bookstore.

* * * *

I have never had the pleasure of meeting Richard Laukhoff although I have heard several stories about him. He, it is, who will not sell a book unless it can be recommended as literature, and from all accounts he knows what literature is.

* * * *

Yes. Cleveland is a well-served book city. A combination of an up-to-date good-looking bookshop containing a charming personality, an organization that maintains the highest of business standards and a man who is an idealist as well as a bookseller, all go to make it that.

* * * *

And they're all members of the *American Booksellers' Association.* And they all read the *Saturday Review of Literature.* But then, what would one expect?

ELLIS W. MEYERS,
Executive Secretary,
American Booksellers' Association.

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Points of View

"The Scarlet Letter"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

One of the most interesting problems in Albert Mordell's scholarly introduction to "Notorious Literary Attacks" is a question of authorship. Who was A. C. Coxe who signed the trivial and sickeningly self-righteous criticism of "The Scarlet Letter" in an English magazine called *Church Review*, January 1851? To my great disappointment, Mr. Mordell leaves the problem not only unsolved, but untouched. We are as much in the dark as ever. Like many other critical historians he is evidently baffled by the obscure A. C. Coxe and believes, therefore, that silence is golden. Well, I know nothing whatever of the *Church Review*, in which the fatuous article appeared; but here, in "Notorious Literary Attacks," is the article itself, or as much of it as has to do with "The Scarlet Letter." That is enough for the fun of exploration, of making guesses, and of creating hypotheses. And who knows but what one may stumble upon a discovery, if a sudden awe of the proverbial timidity of angels does not halt one's venturesome rushing! At any rate, seeing that others turn from the question in despair, a certain audacity may well be forgiven me, if I venture to suggest that the author was an American and also a Bishop.

First, as to his nationality. The opening paragraph of the quoted review, beginning with "As yet our literature, however humble, is undefiled, and as such is a just cause for national pride," and ending with "we congratulate the country that we are yet in time to save such a reputation as that of Mr. Hawthorne," is meaningless and silly unless the author is an American writing of his own country's literature. Then such phrases as "the period of our Colonial history," "maternal England," and the designation of the Puritans as "in part our ancestors," and as "our progenitors," are surely not in the English manner. The very Christian reference to Brook Farm as "such a Bedlam," is, to say the least, un-English, but very like what a narrow, bigoted, American "Churchman," as he repeatedly calls himself, might think of the home of the famous transcendentalists. Again, the references to "a later article in the *Massachusetts Quarterly*, and to Dr. Bushnell's "Barbarism The First Danger," are not such as an English Clergyman of 1851 would be likely to make. There is also a detailed story of the gentleman's travelling in a stage coach, "last summer," and listening to the appalling chatter of some school girls on "The Scarlet Letter." Then, once more, the following sentences are surely conclusive. (The italics are mine) "Why, amid all the suggestive incidents of life in a wilderness; of a retreat from civilization to which, in every individual case, a thousand circumstances must have concurred to reconcile human nature with estrangement from home and country; or *amid the historical connections of our history with* Jesuit adventure, savage invasion, regicide outlawry, and French aggression, should the taste of Mr. Hawthorne have preferred as the proper material for romance, the nauseous *amour* of a Puritan pastor, with a frail creature of his charge, whose mind is represented as far more debauched than her body? . . . *Is the French era actually begun in our literature?* And is the flesh, as well as the world and the devil, to be henceforth dished up in fashionable novels, and discussed at parties, by spinsters and their beaux, with as unconcealed a relish as they give *to the vanilla in their ice cream?*" The casualness of this final phrase would be almost impossible to an English clergyman writing in 1851. Here I rest my case for American authorship.

Who, then, is the American, A. C. Coxe, who signed this pharisaic review? At the present moment I am a long way from a decent library; but I suggest to Mr. Mordell that he look up the books of the Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D.D., Bishop of Western New York. He was the author of "Christian Ballads" and some volumes of sermons, and might well have been in England in 1851. He wrote a book on "Impressions of England," which was published a few years after the date of the Hawthorne article, and another book on "Moral Reforms" in 1869. I should not be in the least surprised if a careful comparison of the language of that book with the highly charged moral language of the Hawthorne essay should prove the validity of my guess. But whether this be a discovery or a mere fantasy, I have to thank Mr. Mordell for a fascinating introduction to a book that renders an incalculable service to all lovers of literature.

W. ELSWORTH LAWSON.

Foxboro, Mass.

Mr. De Bles Protests

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I beg to submit the following objections to the review of my book, "How to Distinguish the Saints in Art," by Dr. Frank Jewett Mather which appeared in your issue of March 15th, in which he has uttered nothing but inaccuracies and falsities.

For example, he starts out with a sarcastic remark about a "plethoric scrap book," apparently not realizing that the task of choosing illustrations to make the points brought out in my book is no small matter, and required considerable knowledge of pictures and their composition. My "plethoric scrap book" comprises close upon 300,000 documents carefully classified and which, with pleasure, I lay open to the examination and use, if he so desires, of your reviewer, unless, of course, he has a more complete one himself.

In the next sentence he objects to my grouping pictures in "disregard to chronology." Now this book is not a history of art, but a means of *distinguishing the Saints*, and therefore the best way obviously is to group representations of a certain saint together, for purposes of comparison of treatment of the subject by masters of all schools and periods. He might, had he wanted to be fair, have pointed out that in addition to the plates to which he objects, the book contains 104 separate illustrations in the text, and that under each separate illustration is a detailed note explaining the picture, with the artist's name, his dates, and where the picture can be seen. He goes on to say that "with diligence" a person will find his saint. Did not your reviewer even see the index of saints, to which reference is made in the general index in order to make the series of indices fool-proof? Will he point out one instance where an important Saint portrayed in seventh to seventeenth century art cannot be found in my book with the use of the index which is there for that purpose.

I make no claim to infallibility. On the contrary, I distinctly state in my foreword that in a book possessing some thirty thousand references it is impossible to avoid errors, but that the greatest care has been taken to check all dates and bible and classical references and so forth. May I point out that Beato Agostino Novello is not a saint, and if I had put in all the *Beati*, there would be no end to the list. "The Legend of Beato Agostino Novello" attributed by some to Simone Martini in Siena did not necessitate attention being brought to this Beato in my book which is concerned with the representation of the *Saints*, and the picturization of legends of the Beati is of the greatest rarity as you undoubtedly know.

St. Galgano is a local saint of such slight importance in art that he has no interest for those for whose benefit I wrote my book. The same applies to St. Peter of Luxembourg who died at eighteen years of age, and who rarely if ever appears in art.

Though I cannot, of course, discuss the extent of MY scholarship, I should like to point out to your reviewer that S. Vittorio, of whose absence he complains is called, in English, St. Victor, and that the two important saints of that name from the standpoint of art are both mentioned and listed in the tables of classification at the end of the volume.

"The Hunt of the Unicorn," and the presence of the Skull on Golgotha, of which your reviewer's superior knowledge deplores the absence in my book, do not come within its scope, which is I should have thought, sufficiently explained by its title, and still further in the foreword.

He further says that there is no mention of the Trinity as identical persons. I beg to differ from him on this point. There is an illustration of that representation on Plate VII with a clear explanation at the foot of the page, to which reference is made on page 34 in the lower part of the first column.

He objects again to my reference to the Last Supper. By Western art we mean modern art, that is, again, from the time of Cimabue on. *Byzantine art is Eastern art* though your reviewer is apparently unaware of it. Does he know of one picture of the Last Supper prior to Giotto? There is no agreement among the recognized authorities as to the authorship of the Last Supper attributed to Giotto in the Refectory of Santa Croce, and therefore, I accept the attribution of its traditional author.

I acknowledge the error in regard to St. Francis which anyone that knows my studies of the thirteenth century will recognize as one of those slips of the tongue to which even your reviewer seems to be liable. St. Francis dying in 1226 could naturally not have been the friend of Giotto, who was born around 1276. What I meant was his "ardent admirer," which I think your critic will admit he was.

In regard to the St. Christopher being a St. Joseph, with the flowering rod, *his contention is simply ridiculous.* The picture represents St. Christopher as he will find if he will consult the list of Cano's works. The wand is not a flowering rod at all, but a conventionalized palm tree, as anyone accustomed to reading iconography in Spanish art would know. Furthermore I should have thought that the age of the Saint portrayed would have shown your reviewer that it could not be St. Joseph. I wonder if he knows of any existing representation of the husband of the Virgin Mary in which he is portrayed as young as he is in this picture by Cano.

Now you will observe that except for the slip of a word about Giotto and St. Francis, and the question of the inversion of the number of nails in respect of their periods—over which I cry *mea culpa*—none of your critic's remarks are justified or even justifiable. Therefore, I count upon you as I said to publish this letter in its entirety. Sound, fair criticism is not only legitimate but welcome to anyone like myself, who is anxious to produce works of value, but basing his judgment upon such errors of his own as those already listed, I deny your reviewer the right to tell your readers that the "work required more scholarship than he commands," meaning myself.

ARTHUR DE BLES.

Mr. Mather Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Major de Bles may readily convince himself that I am neither malicious nor ignorant by consulting Vol. VI, the Iconographical Index, of Van Marle's standard work on early Italian painting.

There he will find listed eighteen Last Suppers by Italian painters before Giotto.

He will find S. Galgano, a notable saint, as one of the four patrons of Siena, listed four times before 1400. He appears of course in such entirely familiar pictures as the Majesties of Duccio and Simone Martini, and in dozens of pictures after 1400.

Beato Agostino Novello and his miracles are celebrated in a fine altar-piece by Simone Martini. A student might wish it explained. Similarly, the saints the omission of which your reviewer remarked are all represented in works of art.

As to the Trinity depicted by three identical figures, Major de Bles misunderstands the criticism and apparently does not know the quite familiar subject, for his reference to plate and page concerns symbolism and not such literal representation as your reviewer had in mind.

The Hunt of the Unicorn as a symbolic equivalent for the Annunciation is a very rare subject in painting and sculpture. However, since it is part of the incidental decoration of one of the best known French primitives, the Burning Bush in the Cathedral of Aix-en-Provence, one might expect it to be included. The composition always includes the Blessed Virgin, and despite Major de Bles's disclaimer, seems pertinent to any thorough work on saints. Rohault de Fleury, whose monumental work does not appear in the list of books consulted, includes it as a matter of course.

I was clearly wrong as to St. Victor, having sought a saint more common in Italian art than elsewhere under the Italian name. A cross reference would save the reader a similar mishap. As to Cano's St. Christopher (?) St. Joseph (?) the case is not absolutely certain, but since there are plenty of Spanish St. Josephs, of this type, and this St. Christopher is apparently unique, Major de Bles's view lacks supporting evidence.

So much for the main facts at issue. Whatever merely concerns manners and opinions is cheerfully left to the discerning reader by

FRANK JEWETT MATHER.

Princeton, N. J.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

For high or vocational schools it makes a complete course of study, and the arrangement is such that anything can be turned up in a hurry. The author has had wide experience in nursing and in teaching, and the book is abreast of the times.

L. C. S., Tulsa, Okla., in the course of a two-year club study of French history, is preparing a program on "The Women of the Salons."

AMELIA GERE MASON'S "Women of the French Salons" (1891), for years a popular book, had been for some time out of print. Now this spring comes S. G. Tallentyre, an Englishwoman whose "Life of Voltaire," and "Voltaire in His Letters" (Putnam) will make her name remembered, with "The Women of the Salons" (Putnam), a volume with the same sort of charm and brilliancy as its subject. Mme. du Duffaud, Mme. Geoffrin, Mme. d'Epinay, Mlle. de Lespinasse, Mme. Necker, Mme. de Stael, Mme. Recamier—here they are down to Vigé Le Brun: witty, gracious, dazzling. Some of these are, with many another lady, in Ethel Colburne Mayne's "Enchanters of Men" (Putnam), a big book that makes as good reading as one could desire; you have white witches as well as black among these enchantresses, and the part they take in history, one way or another, is something to think about. I see that there is at last a biography of Mme. de Stael, by David G. Larg, published by Knopf: I remember some months ago making a quite desperate search for one in English and in print.

There is a new biography of Voltaire, too, in the Republic of Letters series of biographies in process of publication by Dutton; Richard Aldington is the author; and Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary" has been published in English within the year by Knopf. This inquirer also wishes advice on translations from French nineteenth century authors. Bessie Graham's "The Bookman's Manual" (Bowker), a book with any amount of unexpected information in addition to that promised by the prospectus, lists the nineteenth century authors of France whose works may be had in English, either complete or in single books which she names. The same information about twentieth century authors may be found in Cunliffe and Bacourt's valuable study of "French Literature during the Last Half Century" (Macmillan).

E. E., Tompkinsville, N. Y., asks for publications on the subject of "wages for wives."

YOU will have to disentangle this branch of the general subject of wage-earning wives from several important books on the family income, its sources and disposition. "Successful Family Life on the Moderate Income," by M. H. Abel (Lippincott), considers this poignant subject thoroughly, and with fairness, from its foundation in a fair start, through the man's earnings, and the woman's contribution to the coöperation of the community. In the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, v. 5, p. 361, 1894, there is a review of the "Economic Function of Woman," and thirty years later in a pamphlet issued by the American branch of the Oxford University Press Mrs. L. I. Fisher considers the "Economic Position of the Married Woman." The question of the housewife as producer is treated in the first chapter of "The Household Budget," by J. B. Leeds, which has a special inquiry into the amount and value of household work (published by the author, Germantown, Pa., 1917), and in the *Atlantic*, December, 1924, there are the "Meditations of a Wage-Earning Wife," by J. Littell. "Economics of the Household," by B. H. Andrews (Macmillan), has a chapter on household income and includes bibliographies. Then there are the studies in sociology that bear directly on this subject, the favorite "Woman's Share in Social Culture," by Anna Garlin Soencer (Lippincott), a book that refuses to grow old, and the new "Woman and Leisure: a Study of Social Waste," by Loraine Pruette (Dutton), a book to be noted not only by sociologists but by women's clubs interested in this subject.

I owe most of this information to the Russell Sage Foundation, where I learn also that Katherine Anthony's valuable book, "Mothers Who Must Earn," one of their West Side Studies, is out of print, but may be borrowed from their library, 130 E. 22d Street, N. Y. It is on file in many public libraries.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

SALE OF CLAWSON LIBRARY

THE splendid Elizabethan and early Stuart library of John L. Clawson, of Buffalo, was sold at the Anderson Galleries, May 20, 21, 24, and 25, in two parts, the 926 lots bringing the extraordinary total of $642,687.50. With the single exception of the Hoe Library, which brought nearly $2,000,000, this was the most valuable library ever sold at auction in this country.

This sale attracted keen interest on both sides of the Atlantic, and was well attended by collectors and dealers from all parts of the country. The bidding was spirited throughout the sale, with many points of dramatic interest. Dr. Rosenbach bought most of the rarer lots, his purchases amounting to $447,500, or more than two-thirds of the entire value of the collection. He bought back many books that he had sold Mr. Clawson, at big advances. "There is one lesson to be learned from this sale," said Dr. Rosenbach, "and that is that books of great rarity in the finest possible condition return the handsomest profits to the collector. This was exemplified in several instances, the poor used copies sometimes showing an actual loss."

The highest price for a single item, $21,500, was paid for a first edition of Milton's "Comus," which was bought for £800 by the late George D. Smith at the Huth sale in London. The earliest book, Gower's "Confessio Amantis," published by Caxton in 1483, cost Mr. Clawson $12,500 and brought $20,000. Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," a rare edition published in 1600, was purchased at the Herschel V. Jones sale in 1919 for $11,900 and fetched $21,000. There were scores of items that showed similar advances. The first book in this sale was purchased in 1914 and the greater portion in the last seven years, and yet this short period has been sufficient for Mr. Clawson to make a large profit on the collection.

A few of the rarer lots and the prices realized were the following:

Breton (Nicholas). "The Pilgrimage to Paradise," etc., small 4to, levant morocco, Oxford, 1592. First edition, only three other copies known. $2,500.

Covell (William). "Polimanteia," etc., small 4to, levant morocco by Stikeman, Cambridge, 1595. First edition, $2,500.

Daniel (Samuel). "Delia," small 4to, morocco, London, 1592. First edition. $2,900.

Dekker (Thomas). "The Shoemakers Holiday," small 4to, old calf, London, 1600. First edition. Heber, Devonshire, Huntington, Jones copy. $3,250.

Garnier (Robert). "The Tragedie of Antonie," London, 1595; also, "A Discourse of Life and Death," London, 1600; 2 vols., in one, small 8vo, original vellum. First edition in English. $3,900.

Goodwyn (Chrystofer). "The Maydens Dreme Compyled," etc., small 4to, morocco by C. Lewis, N. p. 1542. Only known copy of the first and only edition. $4,100.

Greene (Robert). "Morando The Tritameron of Loue," etc., small 4to, morocco, London, 1584. First edition. $2,800.

Howard (Henry, Earl of Surrey). "Songs and Sonnets," small 8vo, levant morocco by Club Bindery, N. p., 1574. Sixth edition of which there are only four other copies known. $3,600.

Interlude. "A New Enterlude called Thersytes," small 4to, levant morocco by Reviere, N. p., 1550. First edition. $5,000.

Interlude. "Theterlude of Youth," small 4to, levant morocco by Reviere, N. p., 1557. First edition. $4,000.

Jonson (Ben). "The Fortunate Isles and their Vnion," small 4to, levant morocco by Reviere, N. p., 1624. First edition. $4,900.

Lyly (John). "A Most Excellent Comedie of Alexander, Campaspe, and Diogenes," etc., small 4to, levant morocco, London, 1584. First edition. $3,250.

Mirror for Magistrates. "A Myrrovre for Magistrates," small 4to, calf, N. p., 1559. First edition of the first part. $4,850.

Munday (Anthony). "Fidele and Fortuno," small 4to, morocco, London, 1585. Foundation play of Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," of which only two copies are known. $6,250.

Rolle (Richard, of Hampoll). "Richarde Rolle hermyte of Hampull in his contemplacyons of the drede and loue of god With other dyuerse tytles as it sheweth in his table," small 4to, old calf, N. p., 1520. Second edition. $3,400.

Shakespeare. "The Tragedie of King Richard the Second," small 4to, levant morocco by The French Binders, London, 1608. Fourth edition. $4,900.

Shakespeare. "The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid," small 4to, levant morocco by Reviere, London, 1609. First edition, second issue. $11,000.

Shakespeare. "Titus Andronicus," small 4to, levant morocco, London, 1611. Third edition. $4,600.

Shakespeare. "The Tragedy of Orthello," small 4to, levant morocco by The French Binders, London, 1622. First edition. $10,700.

Sidney (Sir Philip). "The Covntesse of Pembrokes Arcadia," small 4to, morocco by Clark & Bedford, London, 1590. First edition and one of four or five known perfect copies. $7,700.

Spencer (Edmund). "The Shepheardes Calender," etc., small 4to, morocco by Bedford, London, 1579. First edition and one of five known copies of which not all are perfect. $17,700.

Wapull (George). "The Tyde tareth no Man," small 4to, morocco by Bedford, London, 1576. First edition of which only five copies are known. $3,000.

Willobie (Henry). "Willobie His Avisa," etc., small 4to, russia by Charles Lewis, London, 1594. First edition, only three other copies known. $5,700.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Statues of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, bronze life size figures of Mark Twain's famous literary characters, were presented last week to the city of Hannibal, Mo., by George A. Mahan, president of the Historical Society of Missouri.

Methuen of London are issuing immediately "A Book of English Verse Satire," edited by A. G. Barnes, whose selections extends from John Donne to Sir Owen Seaman.

Grafton & Co., of London, have issued "Early Book Illustration in Spain," by James P. R. Lyell, a handsome demy quarto, illustrated with 250 reproductions of early woodcuts and a colored frontispiece, in a limited edition of 500 copies, numbered and signed by the author, with an introduction by Dr. Konrad Haebler.

Edward Eberstadt, rare book dealer of this city, announces the early publication of a biography of "John Colter, Discoverer of Yellowstone Park," famous as a hunter, trapper, Indian fighter, pathfinder, and member of the Lewis and Clark expedition, and one of the heroic figures of western annals. This work is an important contribution to the history of the pioneer West, filling a gap in its exploration and conquest. Nowhere, until now, has there been any connected narrative of Colter's remarkable career and achievements. Even Colter himself became an almost legendary figure, despite the fact that he first explored and proclaimed the existence of what is now acknowledged to be one of the strangest and most spectacular wonders of the world.

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THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermetics, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilizations, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

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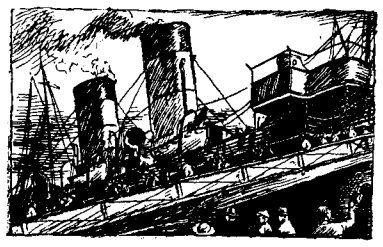

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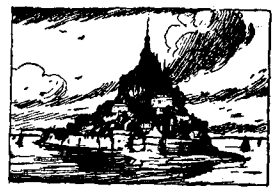

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Read "A Seashell in Normandy"

PARIS

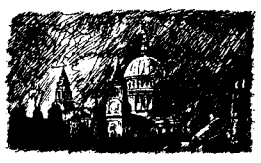
"Riding on the back platform of a bus you have a gorgeous opportunity for study. . . . Think of a tiny toy store called *Aux Délices de l'Age d'Or;* or of the Street of the Frankly Bourgeois, or the Street of the Bad Boys."

Read "Paris Busses and Trams"

BURGUNDY

"I could see only the pink roads, the same dusky pink as the inward staves of a wine-vat; and the church in Beaune that is the shape of a bottle. . . . This is not only the watershed of France, it is the wine-shed."

Read "An Old House in Burgundy"



LONDON

"The most unconscious pathos that I saw in London was a sign in an Oxford Street clothing shop; RAINCOATS FOR THE HOLIDAYS. . . . The pearly haze that dreams over St. Paul's is at least partly the steam of Sausages and Mashed rising from a thousand little taverns."

Read "A Map of London"

NEW YORK

"The blue mildness of the night was bright with exciting signs, the ancient one of the full moon seeming rather pallid compared to the electric picture of Socony Oil pouring from a can into a funnel."

Read "Round Columbus Circle"

Whenever and wherever you go—you will revel in this—Mr. Morley's first book since "Thunder on the Left"—the prince of shipmates and travelling companions.

The ROMANY STAIN

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50

The Phoenix Nest

WE are rather in a quandary. By the time you read this we shall be, d.v., in England, absorbing new experiences, some liquid, and for the first time seeing London city and some of the country of which for years, in so many excellent novels, we have read. * * * Yet, as we write this, here we are in New York, at our desk in a Forty-fifth Street office. * * * This gives us the queer feeling of being in two places at once. * * * We might have opened today by a vivid description of the trip across the Atlantic, which we haven't yet taken. We might paint for you our first impression of Piccadilly, but we haven't had it yet. * * * By the time we, in turn, run our eyes over this in type, it will seem strange to us that we are this Phœnician,—sundered then by ocean leagues from books and envelope-stuffers. * * * However, it can't be helped. * * * Maybe it is a cold and rainy June, as you read this. Maybe it isn't. And where are you, by the way? We don't know. * * * Seashore or mountains, or perhaps still moiling in the city. * * * But if, by any odd chance we have run across one *John Masefield* by the time you read this, he may have cleared up for us a matter of present puzzlement,—viz: that in *James F. Drake's* catalogue of autograph letters and manuscripts now before us, he lists as item 230 an original autograph manuscript of a poem of Masefield's entitled "You Sons of Hounds," five stanzas, one page folio. * * * The note upon this is "Interesting manuscript, believed to be unpublished. The verses are written and rewritten, lines are crossed out, and changes made, showing conclusively that this is the original draft of the poem." * * * But to whom, we wonder, is the apparently embittered title-line addressed? * * * Of course, we might go over to Drake's and inquire, but the MS is priced at a hundred and fifty dollars, and they might charge at least ten per cent of that for a view of it. * * * Anyway, though we are abroad as you read this, we shall have to go down to the ticket office and secure our passage for foreign parts. * * * Ensued hereupon a parenthesis from which we have just returned, with all kinds of baggage tags. * * * "Will you have anything in the hold?" questioned our friend, the agent. "Only a couple of zebras," we replied modestly. We wished to be prepared with transportation. * * * Well, back to books. We have picked up the new *McClure's*—they call magazines books in business offices of magazines—and were knocked all of a heap. * * * Our friend *Arthur McKeogh* is now at the helm, and McClure's has become "The Magazine of Romance." * * * There is even a McClure Girl, drawn by *Johnny Held*. And the author of "Flaming Youth" is there with a serial. * * * And there are photographic illustrations, hundreds of 'em. * * * And the International Publications, Inc., *William Randolph Hearst*, President, is publisher. * * * Swell blonde on the back cover, too, in a "Black Jack" ad. * * * Dear, dear, the changing days! * * * Or, to put it as The Editor does, "The galleon that was embossed boldly upon an older horizon becomes the sleek express yacht against a contemporary sky. The feasts of imperial Rome are the revels of Broadway's night clubs. Homer's lyre is Whiteman's saxophone." * * * Well, "Pompeian Bloom gives your cheeks a color exquisitely natural," and Clara Bow, velvet-eyed Paramount star, uses Winx Waterproof. * * * Be beautiful with Tangee and learn to dance at Home. * * * "It's almost a Miracle!" * * * Thence to ballads with the bark on. The Harvard University Press publishes "Ballads and Songs of the Shanty-Boy," collected and edited by *Franz Rickaby*. * * * This is an anthology gathered from the men, locally known as shanty-boys, who worked in the woods of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, mainly during the golden age of American lumbering, from 1870 to 1900. * * * It ought to appeal to anyone who has followed the adventures of *Paul Bunyan*, in several recently published books. * * * Which reminds us that *James Stevens* (sic), who wrote one of them (not the author of the "Crock of Gold"), is on the *tapis* again with "Brawnyman" (Knopf). * * * But to return to these ballads, there are some swell old staves in this book, and some quite swell new ones, as well, in *Harold Hersey's* "Singing Rawhide" (Doran). * * * It gives us rather a shock, and it gave *P. E. G. Quercus*, our old oaken friend, rather a shock to see one of the latest of Dutton's "Today and Tomorrow Series" entitled "Pegasus or Problems of Transportation" * * * Both Quercus and ourself have occasional moments when we think of ourselves as poets, and that Pegasus has anything much to do with actual problems of transportation is a new idea to us. * * * At the Battle of the White Horse Pegasus has appeared floundering under the bulk of *Mr. Chesterton*, but at the Battle of the Iron Horse he was most certainly aloof, at least. * * * He was probably ridden by an Indian who watched the Iron Horse's progress across the plains with jaundiced eye. * * * *Homer Mooney*, of the State of Nevada—to specify—Carson City—wrote us back at the end of March that he hoped we wouldn't abandon our three-asterisk system. * * * And just for that, we haven't * * * Homer says this is an asterisk age anyway, a sort of ephemeral dream, "and the wise cracks and great American novels of even yesterday are mixed up in the ashes of Sidon and Tyre and Chesterfield cigarettes." * * * A copy of an 1889 letter by *Bernard Shaw* having come our way, we are going to print it for the delectation of our readers. It is an interesting document:

29 Fitzroy Square, London W.
16th July, 1889.

Dear Sir:

I have given up writing fiction for the last six years; and it would require a somewhat heavy consideration to induce me to devote any time to it just now: in fact, if you made me a sufficient offer I should probably refuse to entertain it on the ground that you would certainly lose by it.

Will you allow me to say frankly that I am doubtful of the success of your undertaking as far as I can judge it from your letter? Shilling books pay only when the publisher has a huge organization of agents, travelers, and booksellers' connexions by which at least two-thirds of an edition of ten thousand copies can be got rid of almost mechanically at the first issue. Further, it is difficult to keep up the necessary reputation except by salting a batch of popular books by one or two high class works which will not bring in their cost of production directly, but which will uphold the class of the firm. The reason I have for guessing that you are not in this position is (1) that you mention as your publishers a firm of wholesale booksellers whose publishing business is merely a commission one, and (2) that you propose a reservation of a thousand copies which would not be worth making if the publishing were to proceed on the scale necessary for success. I may mention that "Cashel Byron" first appeared a few years ago in a magazine owned by a couple of friends of mine, who were dependent on such contributions as they could obtain gratuitously. The printer and publisher stereoed the pages and published a shilling edition of the book—only a thousand copies. In spite of extravagantly favorable reviews in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Saturday Review*, and other really influential papers, the publisher was unable to make the book move, and three years passed before the last of the thousand dribbled out and the last shilling dribbled in. In the hands of Walter Scott it is virtually a new book. There may be a moral for you in this experience.

You may have made yourself thoroughly acquainted with all these conditions of your enterprise already. If so, I trust you will excuse my calling your attention to them.

Yours truly,
G. BERNARD SHAW.

* * * Pleasant paper on divers topics are in Lucas's "Authors Dead and Living" (Macmillan). * * * This is not *E. V. Lucas* but *F. L. Lucas*, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. * * * *Housman* he comments upon, and *Flecker*,—on all the good lads, in fact. His paper on Housman is entitled, "Few, but Roses,"—and a darn good title at that. * * * Among his quotations is one that reminds us that could we actually see an English summer evening in the countryside, surely we could not *feel* it more keenly than we feel the beauty of this:

Wenlock Edge was umbered,
And bright was Abdon Burf,
And warm between them slumbered
The smooth green miles of turf;
Until from grass and clover
The upshot beam would fade,
And England over
Advanced the lofty shade.

* * * How rightly, how inevitably every word, every accent falls! * * * "Yet," says Mr. Lucas, "whereas enthusiasts swarmed stealthily up the very elms of Farringford to watch a short-sighted laureate disport himself at battledore and shuttlecock, not a head turns now as down King's Parade passes the author of the 'Shropshire Lad.'" * * * And we would have more of Mr. Lucas's reviews,—for his articles originally appeared thus in *The New Statesman*. * * * Good for *Desmond MarCarthy*, its literary editor, that Mr. Lucas was made reviewer! * * * And so, farewell!

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